Judge

Xmas Number

Price 25 Cents

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

"Christmas comes but once a year" with its joy and gladness for "little shavers."

Williams' Shaving Soap, with its big, thick, glorious lather, brings joy and gladness, comfort and satisfaction to all "shavers" every day in the year.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers'), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.
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LONDON. PARIS. DRESDEN. SYDNEY.

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IN THE BLESSED ISLES.

Oh, there are no trusts to bother
In those islands far away,
Where the natives never scurry
After dollars and ne'er worry
Over bills such as the butchers
And the grocers make us pay.
There they loiter in the shade,
Caring not how money 's made;
Never thinking of the frightful cost of meat,
Never fretting o'er the price
That is charged for coal and ice,
Picking square meals from the branches when they think it's time to eat,
And then sitting down and resting while the bugs crawl o'er their feet.

Oh, there are no trusts to squeeze them,
They are free from buying hats,
And they pay no hard-earned dollars
Out for shirts and cuffs and collars,
They are not compelled to huddle
Up in six-by-seven flats;
Tailors never make them wear
Ugly, baggy trousers there,
And they slave not that the milliner may thrive;
With no mergers and no rings
Adding to the gloom of things,
They sit resting, caring nothing for the wealth for which we strive;
They but loll and hunt the woodtick and are glad to be alive.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

In Polite Society
IT IS THE CUSTOM TO TAKE A GLASS OF
Chartreuse
—GREEN OR YELLOW—
AS A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER. THIS CELEBRATED LIQUEUR HAS BEEN MADE FOR 300 YEARS BY THE MONKS OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, GRENOBLE, FRANCE.
IT IS DAINTY, DELICIOUS, DIGESTIVE.
At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bitjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

FRIEND—"I say, old man! you have been going to the theatre quite a lot lately. Doesn't it bore you?"
MR. UPTERDATE—"Not a bit. You see, the pleasure is double since I bought a pair of Flammarion Opera Glasses."

Dress for Comfort
President Suspenders
For the holidays are in single pair boxes.
Nice presents.
Fifty cents and a dollar.
Ask at favorite shop,
or post prepaid from
C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 272 G Shirley, Mass.
President playing cards, unique, entertaining, instructive. Ask your dealer.

Nixon Waterman's verse is always a source of pleasure and delight to all lovers of genuine humorous verse. He often sings of the homely and commonplace things of life with which we are all familiar, and he hits the harp on the solar plexus every time he essays that artistic feat. In his latest book, "In Merry Mood," which has just been issued by Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago, he is at his best, which is all that it is necessary to say on the subject.

EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

Put in colander

DON'T COOK.
1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

Salt the water

Pour water through

FOR BABY TOO.
NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.
THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

Empty into dish

SEND ONE COUPON AND 10 CTS. FOR OUR DOLL.
COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO., 1 Union Square, New York.

40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers. TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

"Do you enjoy historical novels?"

'Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I like to read them and then reflect on how lucky I am to live in a time when people refrain from making such consummate fools of themselves."—*Washington Star.*

Worn Out?

TRY **VIN MARIANI** TRY

World Famous Mariani Tonic

A Restorer of the Vital Forces

Vin Mariani is a perfectly safe and reliable diffusible tonic and stimulant; it gives strength and vigor to body, brain and nerves.

All Druggists Refuse Substitutes.

Muggins—"My cook left because we refused to treat her as one of the family."

Buggins—"Humph! My cook expects to be treated as company."

'At least there is some variation," said the 'ham' actor as he dodged the shower of applause; "they are throwing coal instead of eggs."

"Well, it is egg coal," remarked the manager as he raked in the lumps.

Chesty, the baker, and Jimmie, the dago, had a hot argument a few days ago. It was nip and tuck for a long time, but, finally Jimmie exclaimed, with infinite scorn and that lofty mien which he assumes on occasions,

"Me no here for steala da chick! Me here for killa da two-a peop."

That settled Chesty.—*Sing Sing Star of Hope.*

Delia—"What did you fall out about?"

Celia—"Why, we hadn't been engaged a week before he quit buying boxes, and brought me candy in a paper bag."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The spirit moves me!' exclaimed the poet.

"Well," said a friend, "that's cheaper than paying house rent."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ANTI-TRUST

WANTED IT CURTAILED.

DR. VACCINE—"Now, we'll draw a little bird on your arm. See? There's its head and body. Now, we'll draw its tail'——

SMALL VICTIM—"Oh, doctor! only put one feather in its tail."

First physician—"And what was your diagnosis?"

Second physician—"I'll have to look him up in Bradstreet's to decide whether it's rheumatism or gout."—*Sun.*

A NEW GEM in Beauty and Brilliancy, equals the Diamond in every way at one-twentieth its cost. Solid Gold settings. Catalogue free. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Theo. B. Field & Co., 849 Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A cook there was kneading her dough,
When in at the door walked her bough.
She said, "I am busy,
So don't make me dusy
With love-talk, but get up and gough."
—*Baltimore American.*

CARMEL SOAP

"A land flowing with milk and honey."

CALIFORNIA IS THE MECCA.

Seekers after rest and recreation in a bracing climate, amid enchanting scenery surrounded by fruits and flowers, are going to California this winter in greater numbers than ever before.

The way to go is by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

The new trains of this system give a fine service, fast time, and afford every convenience and luxury. Inquire of ticket agents regarding the new facilities.

Four-Track Series No. 5. "America's Winter Resorts," sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

"What—aw—pawt am I to take?" asked Softleigh of the amateur theatrical manager.

"The part of the heroine's rich uncle."

"What does he—aw—do?" queried Softleigh.

"Oh," was the heartless reply, "he dies ten years before the curtain goes up on the first act. See?"—*Chicago News.*

"What did you say Chumley draws his pension for?"

"Oh, he's deaf from hearing his father talk about how he fought in the war."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Guzzler—"Waiter, bring me a demi."
Waiter—"Yes, sir. Tasse or john?"
—*Philadelphia Record.*

The only PURE and CORRECT ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS sold in America to-day.

CARBONIC, ARTIFICIAL VICHY, SELTERS, CLUB SODA, Etc., are also put up in bottles for out of town delivery, and can be sent by freight or express to any part of the United States. Orders to

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MISTRESS—"Poor darling little Topsy! I'm afraid she will never recover. Do you know, Bridget, I think the kindest thing would be to have her shot, and put her out of her misery."

BRIDGET—"'Deed, mam, I wouldn't do that. Sure, she *might* get better after all, an' then ye'd be sorry ye'd had her kill'd."

RED TOP RYE

TRY A RED TOP HIGH BALL

On Sale Wherever Fine Whiskies are Appreciated.

If your dealer does not handle this excellent **WHISKEY** we will give you the names of dealers who do.

Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons,
Distillers,
St. Joseph, Mo. Cincinnati, O. Louisville, Ky

Asked his age in a court of justice a Georgia darky replied.

"Well, suh, I ez ol' ez de big white-oak tree on Marse Tom's plantation."

"And how old may that be?" inquired a lawyer.

"Well, suh, ef I makes no mistake, de white-oak tree is de same age ez de mill-dam, en de mill-dam a'n't a day older dan de red barn, what come nigh ter bein' burned up w'en de stars felled!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

GOOD INCOMES MADE
By selling our celebrated goods. 25 and 30 per cent. commission off.
BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL **33c.**
1-lb. trade mark red bags. Good Coffees, 12c. and 15c. Good Teas, 30c. and 35c.
The Great American Tea Co., 31-33 Vesey St., New York. P. O. Box 289.

Summer-time in winter—
But soon the roof we'll raise—
The white sand sprinkled on the floor,
The oak log on the blaze!

The frosty air a-ringin'
From rosy east to west,
And a happy fellow swingin'
Of the one he loves the best!

Trouble sets me guessin'
Ef trouble 's fer de best;
Ef poverty 's a blessin'
I'm blest ef I ain't blest!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Strong and better men and women are those who use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.

That man 's not always good and great
Who loudly has his say;
The bass drum makes the biggest noise,
But isn't hard to play.
—*Washington Star.*

We have received from Forbes & Co., of Chicago and Boston, the "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," by Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, reprinted from the Chicago *Record-Herald.* These sonnets go a long way in proving conclusively that all office boys are not platonic in their attitude toward that elusive and frisky divinity, the typewriter. The office-boy's dreams and protestations, and his methods of expression, will prove a source of delight to all people with a true sense of humor. The workmanship of these sonnets is clever and spontaneous, and should prove a feather in the author's cap as well as an extra big laurel leaf in his wreath.

Freddie—"Did you bet on the football game, Willie?"

Willie—"Why, I was going to, but when I offered to bet a husky fellow two ice-cream sodas to a box of caramels he just gave me a rude stare!"—*Chicago News.*

No. 4711. WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.

To Avoid Chapped Hands and Face use "4711" White Rose Glycerine Soap
ITS TRANSPARENCY IS A SIGN OF ITS PURITY AND ITS PERFUME IS UNEQUALLED
MANUFACTURED BY **FERD. MÜLHENS, COLOGNE o/R, GERMANY**
SOLE U. S. AGENTS, MÜLHENS & KROPFF, NEW YORK. *Send 15c. in stamps for a full size sample cake.*

Good stories come from Scotland as well as porridge and bagpipes. The last is quite admirable in its way. A traveler observing an ancient couple arguing and gesticulating in the road, in order to avert bloodshed asked the cause of the dispute.

"We're no deesputin' at a'," answered the man; "we're baith o' the same mind. I hae got a half-crown in my pooch an' she thinks she's no gaun to get it—an' I think the same."—*London Globe.*

The juggler may not be inclined
To dally with the jug;
The sinful smuggler may be just
The opposite of smug.

The skipper isn't always one
Who like the lambkin skips,
And, with disgust, the waiters know
The tippler seldom tips.
—*S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.*

King Harold had just fallen at the battle of Hastings when his aids strove to comfort him.

"Cheer up!" they cried, "we may win yet; the enemy is not so numerous, after all."

"Nonsense!" returned the king; "there must be a million Normans. Think of all the people whose ancestry will come over with William the conqueror!"

Wherewith, seeing the hopelessness of the affair, he gave up the ghost.—*New York Tribune.*

"But if you love me, Madeline, why set the happy day two years away?"

The maiden bowed her head in blushing confession.

"Because, Horace, it will take me fully that long to use up my monogram stationery. For you can't get letter-paper embossed unless you buy a lot of it."—*Newark News.*

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A Merry Christmas.

Evans Ale

A New Year's Smile.

A BOTTLE OF GOOD CHEER FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

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Is the value of the new book "THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE," written by JOHN COWAN, M.D., to every thoughtful Man and Woman. It has received the highest testimonials and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been indorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well-wisher of the human race.

To All Who Are Married,

Or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work. Any person desiring to know more about the book before purchasing it may send to us for our 16-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address. The following is the table of contents:

Chapter I.—Marriage and its Advantages. Chapter II.—Age at which to Marry. Chapter III.—The Law of Choice. Chapter IV.—Love Analyzed. Chapter V.—Qualities the Man should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VI.—Qualities the Woman should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. Chapter VIII.—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter IX.—Amativeness—Its Use and Abuse. Chapter X.—The Prevention of Conception. Chapter XI.—The Law of Continence. Chapter XII.—Children—Their Desirability. Chapter XIII.—The Law of Genius. Chapter XIV.—The Conception of a New Life. Chapter XV.—The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Chapter XVI.—Period of Gestative Influence. Chapter XVII.—Pregnancy—Its Signs and Duration. Chapter XVIII.—Disorders of Pregnancy. Chapter XIX.—Confinement. Chapter XX.—Management of Mother and Child after Delivery. Chapter XXI.—Period of Nursing Influence. Chapter XXII.—Foeticide. Chapter XXIII.—Diseases Peculiar to Women. Chapter XXIV.—Diseases Peculiar to Men. Chapter XXV.—Masturbation. Chapter XXVI.—Sterility and Impotence. Chapter XXVII.—Subjects of which More might be Said. Chapter XXVIII.—A Happy Married Life—How Secured.

The book is a handsome 8vo, and contains 400 pages, with 100 illustrations, and is sold at the following prices: English cloth, gilt side and back, $3; Leather, library style, $3:50; Half Morocco, marbled edges, $4.

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12mo, 256 pages, illustrated, cloth bound, price, $1.00. This collection of humorous stories appeared in the New York Sun, and in response to a demand for their publication in a complete form we have issued this book. It contains a style of humor entirely unique, and which has been very popular with the readers of the Sun.

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J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

58 Rose Street, New York.

There may be some things a woman doesn't know, but no man can tell her what they are.—*Chicago News.*

"Yes; he's sure to make a grand president for the college. He's had so much experience."

"I didn't know he was a prominent educator."

"He isn't. He was an insurance-agent, and he can coax money out of a stone wall."—*Washington Times.*

"How would you like a foreign consulship?" asked the dispenser of presidential patronage.

The ex-postmaster, who wanted nothing better than his former job again, twirled his hat in an embarrassed manner.

"If it's all the same to you," he said, "I'd rather go back to my old stamping-ground."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Two Irishmen were in New York city bound for the west. They had several railroad time-tables and were looking them over for the purpose of selecting a route thither.

They finally discovered that some lines had more tracks than others and they concluded, very innocently, to take the one which had the greatest number of tracks. Hence they took the four-tracked New York Central. But their decision was based not upon the fact, but the fancy, in the premises.

Said Mulligan to Pat, "Pat, we'll be afther takin' the four-tracker; for if she leps one track she lands on wan iv the athers an' loses no time; but if it's a one or two-tracker they'd hef to slow up and put on the brakes an lift 'er back on an we'd be a day late."—*The Thistle.*

The Four-Track News for December is out, and that it is quite up to its usual standard of excellence is one of the many things that go without saying. It is rich in picture, poem, joke and story. There are articles which will fill the hunter with delight and cause the lover of nature to whizz and fizz with a five-grain lithiated joy. It treats of the "American Orient," which, of course, is California, and tells of the wonders of the "Saranac Lake Ice Carnival." Then it switches off to "Japanese Silk and Its Makers," and caroms on the "Christmas Poet," after which it pockets itself on "An Old Ohio Battle-field." "The Railroad of Life" jingles along like the Empire State express, and the "Jolly Drummers" swap "Vest Pocket Experiences" along "The Trail of the Travelers"; "On the Book-table" and "Across the Footlights," "Caribou Shooting in Canada" and "The Catskills in Winter" will be sure to hold the reader to the end. When the reader reaches the end of the *Four-Track News* he will say he has had a first-class mental pleasure trip for less than it would cost for a ticket to Yonkers. For further particulars apply to George H. Daniels, Grand Central Station, New York city.

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TOILET POWDER

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Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted.

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Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—

A. OVERHOLT & CO.

PITTSBURG, PA.

"I wonder," said the actress, "who could have sent me those beautiful flowers?"

"I didn't know you cared about that part of it so long as I paid the bill," answered the patient manager. "But I'll send around and get the florist's name."—*Washington Star.*

"How does it happen that you ran so far behind your ticket?" they asked him.

"I didn't," said the candidate who had escaped defeat by the skin of his teeth. "That is an unfair inference. I got the straight vote. The rest of the ticket simply ran ahead of me—that's all."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE EQUITABLE

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

J. W. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT — J. H. HYDE, VICE PRESIDENT

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

of an Equitable Endowment Policy assures comfort for every future Christmas

Send this coupon for particulars of such a policy issued at your age.

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Address.....

As Pears' Soap dissolves
Beauty evolves
PEARS
Pears' Soap
Matchless for the Complexion

A Merry Christmas all around, with much felici-tee,
And many gifts and sentiments to bend the dear old tree.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"WILL you marry me?" tremblingly inquires the honest youth of the coy daughter of the grass widow.

"Oh, kind sir," answers the diffident maid, "you must ask mamma first."

"I did," avers the truthful swain, "but she said she couldn't have me, as she was engaged to old Goldrox."

SAGE ADVICE.

"HERE'S a fellow," said the answers-to-inquiries editor, "who wants us to tell him how to avoid falling out of a hansom."

"That's easy," put in the sporting editor. "Tell him to ride the horse."

THE honesty that is the best policy is not always the best honesty.

HIS STATUS.

"HE BOASTS that he is a self-made man."

"Boasts? I should think he would regard the statement as a confession or an explanation."

UNDAUNTED.

"AND now, sir," the fierce-looking pirates blithely informed him, "we are going to maroon you on a desert island in mid-ocean. We calculate that you will starve to death in just about five days, or a week at the outside."

But, so far from being daunted by their savage words, their prisoner only smiled scornfully. He had in his inside pocket a complete Marconi wireless telegraph apparatus!

AIRSHIP inventors seem to be in the air more than their inventions.

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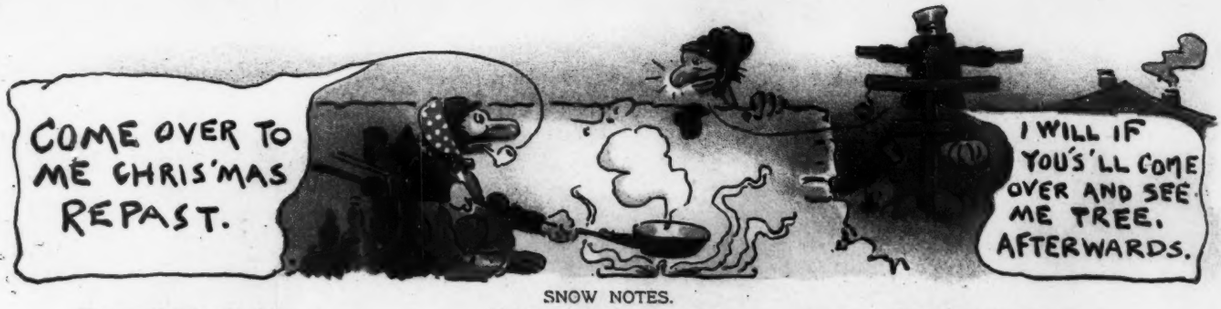
THE AMERICAN GIRL.

In every land she reigns supreme,
A fetching beauty, all attest.
A sunny symphony, a dream,
She's quite the bestest of the best.

Her dimpled loveliness commands
The world's fond homage, which is why
She, in the swiftest jiffy, lands
Yank, Jap, or Briton on the fly.



SNOW NOTES.

The snow-flake's softly falling
On the walk;
The snow-bird's gayly bobbing
On the stalk.

The snow-ball's swiftly knocking
Off your tile;
The snow-man's blithely grinning
All the while.

The snow-drift's pirouetting
Down your neck;
The snow-plough's for your shekels
On the deck.

THE TURKEY TUG.

Now dis hoy-ars de tug ob war
What fotches out yer grease;
Let's end de tug o' war an' den
Begin de tug o' peace
By tuggin' at de dear old turk
Dat makes all talkin' cease.

A FORTUNATE MOTHER.

"I UNDERSTAND, Mrs. Clancey," remarked Mrs. Dooligan, over the back fence, "that your Jimmy has had his wages doubled for Christmas. Is that true?"

"Sure, an' it is, Mis' Dooligan," replied Mrs. Clancey, proudly. "He's no longer shiftin' the scanary at the theaytre!"

"I want to know! What is his new job?"

"He's playin' the mob in the third act, Mrs. Dooligan. And as his voice is changin', th' boss gives him double pay, which is no more than right, I'm thinkin'."

THE COMMON FAILING.

"SMITHERS says he doesn't believe in signs."

"I guess that's true. No matter how many they put on any freshly painted job, he touches it to see if it is dry!"

WHAT THEY TOOK STOCK IN.

The Boston promoter—"Yes, we got every solid Bostonian interested in our new company as soon as we sent out the prospectus."

New York capitalist—"Great coupons! Tell me the secret."

The Boston promoter—"Why, we simply had the foresight to call the concern "The Browning and Ibsen Baked Bean Syndicate."

Dorothy—"So Mabel is engaged to Cholly! Now what on earth does she see in him?"

Margaret—"Her last chance, probably."

NOT DOING IT FOR NOTHING.

Kind old lady—"You're the daintiest little boy in the whole crowd. How is it you keep your face so clean?"

Nibsy Murphy—"If I didn't me mudder 'd wash it."

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EFFECTIVE TECHNIQUE.

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MRS. ROONEY—"D' yez hear me darter Katie playing 'Dolly Gray' on th' pianny?"
MRS. KELLY—"So it's playing 'Dolly Gray' she is now; shure, she's played all th' neighbors gray two months agone!"

ROCK-A-BYE, BUGGIE.

Rock-a-bye, buggie, upon the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
And down will come buggie and cradle and all.

DRAWING A DISTINCTION.

"IT IS more blessed to give than to receive," assert the parishioners, as they one and all give the good old minister a pair of carpet slippers.

"In this case, yes," acknowledges the good old minister, with just a suspicion of a bitter smile.

A BUG JOKE.

THE centipede family has completed its preparations for the visit of good Saint Nicholas.

"Ha, ha!" chuckles little Willie Centipede; "Santa Claus will think it is wash-day instead of Christmas day when he comes to our house."

SOCIAL DUTIES.

I think I'll go and make a call upon the spotted cow,
And on the soldier made of wood, and on the black bow-wow.
So bring your baby, Mary Jane, and come along with me,
According to the usages of good soci-e-tee.

DELIGHTFULLY SAD.

"YES," said the big-eyed, innocent-looking woman, "I liked the play ever so much. I cried steadily through almost two whole acts."

"Oh, it must have been deliciously sad!" commented her intense-appearing friend. "What was it all about?"

"Why, the heroine's husband knew a terrible secret regarding another woman, and his wife simply couldn't pry it out of him until almost the close of the play," replied the other, her eyes flashing indignantly.

STYLES IN THE JUNGLE.

"I TELL you," said Mr. Monk, during his chat with Mr. Simian, "since that female monkey escaped from the menagerie and came home my expenses are just awful."

"Mine too," said Mr. Simian. "Why, my wife made me get her a straight-front corset from the missionary's house, and now she is complaining because she has to stay at home in wet weather."

"How's that?"

"Says she hasn't any rainy-day tail."

A DIFFERENCE.

"THEY say he lives like a prince?"

"A mistake! He pays for everything he gets."

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

"AH!" SIGHS the gentle damsel, "see the bare limbs on the beech. Does not that bring forcibly to one's mind the sorrowful fact that summer has gone? How many pleasant recollections of the summer such a sight calls up, don't you think?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," replies the candid youth, "I have never been on the beach in summer."

EVIDENCE.

"DON'T you think that young Hunker wants to marry Miss Dolyers for her money?" asked Hojack.

"I think so," replied Tomdik. "I heard him say that he loved her for all she was worth."

NO JOKE.

The poodle—"Leading a regular dog's life, eh? Ha, ha! That's a good joke."

The Mexican hairless dog (fiercely)—"Joke nothing! Every darn cur I meet recommends a hair-restorer for a Christmas present."

GENERALLY READABLE.

"THIS paper," announces Mrs. Readem, "says that stage snow is worth about fifteen dollars a barrel."

"Why," observed Mr. Readem, "I always thought stage snow was sold by the page."

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WHY HE WEPT.

LADY—"Why are you crying, little boy?"
BOY—"Oh, boo-hoo-hoo! Me mudder gimme dis sled fer Christmas, an' now she's makin me haul de baby around on it."

THE OPTIMISTIC GUNNER.

I HEAR some merry minstrel whizz,
And whizz and whizz away,
And really what kind it is,
Is more than I can say.

Perhaps it is a bobolink,
Perhaps it is a quail,
Perhaps it is a blithe chewink,
Perhaps it is a rail.

But soon I certainly shall know
The bird I cannot see,
Because I'll let both barrels go
Bang, bang, and instant-lee

If as a hunter I amount
To what's A number one,
I may upon the minstrel count
Before I fire the gun.

So when the bird no more can fly,
Though ortolan or not,
I'll bet he'll gayly gild the pie
Whose foremost name is pot.

AN ALLEGORICAL PAINTING.

"SO YOUR friend Kullers is an artist. What school?"

"Why, he's a sort of impressionist, or rather, he paints these pictures of impossible things."

"Oh, yes. Fairies and gods and goddesses, and all that."

"Well, sometimes; but his last picture is not exactly like that, yet it is the most wonderful thing you ever saw."

"What is it?"

"It represents a man sitting down and smoking."

"Humph! Nothing odd about that."

"But the man is using one of these Christmas presentation smoking-sets."

NO CR. WITH THIS DR.

"IS YOUR doctor a business-like practitioner?"

"Is he? Why, my little boy swallowed a five-cent Christmas whistle, and the doctor got ten dollars out of me before he would feel the boy's pulse."

HER ADAM.

GLADYS—"So he proposed to you the night before Christmas?"
PENELOPE—"Yes. He asked me to be his Christmas Eve."

A CHRISTMAS SCARE.

PAPA BUN—"Growl, children, and he'll think it's an ice bear for sure."

IN BOSTON.

"THIS," said Mrs. Brownbean, holding an edition de luxe to the light, "is the gift of Professor Highbrough to our little son Emerson."

"Ah," comments the caller; "is it a volume of the classics?"

"No. Emerson has not yet left the primary grades. This is a book of stories suitable for children, told in words of five and six syllables."

ONE WAS ENOUGH.

"JAMES," said the critical wife on Christmas eve, "I should like to know why it is that you never come home when you are drinking, but always remain down town until you have sobered up."

"Because," said the heartless husband, "I always see double, and I do not like to think of you as twins."

THE CHRISTMAS CRUSH.

Westervelt (desperately)—"Tell the clerk she may keep the two cents change when it comes!"

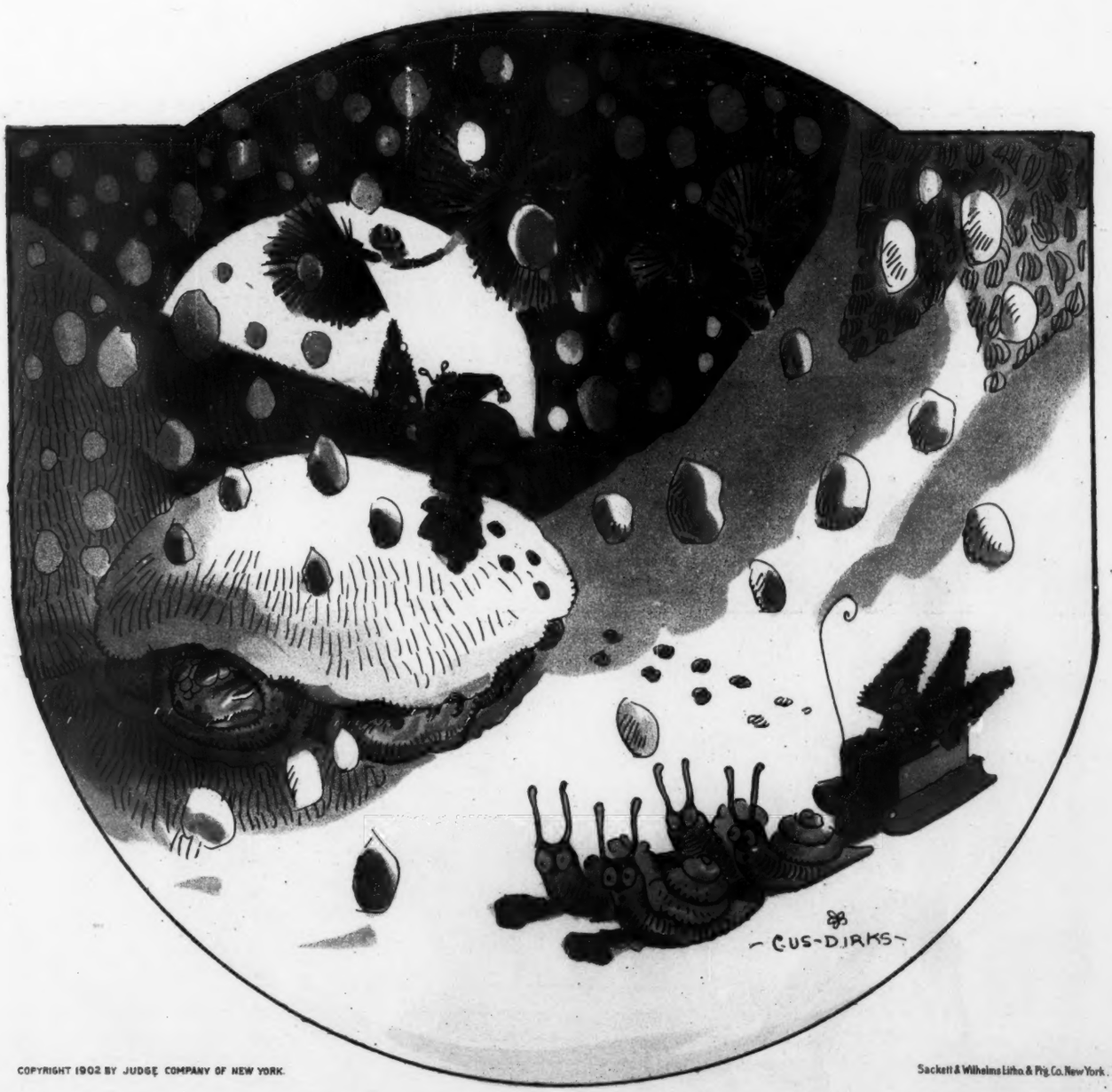
His wife (resignedly)—"She says she can't wait for it! She has to go to lunch in an hour."

Mrs. Benham—"The baby is asleep."

Benham—"Well, don't wake him up thinking about it."

BOBBY'S POINT OF VIEW.

I can't see dear old Santa Claus—I cannot, honor bright,
Though high I hold the candlestick and gaze into the night.
So now I'll tell you what we'll do to make him call and fill
Our stockings to the brim—we'll go to bed and lie as still
As anything, and then, you know, we'll just drop off to sleep
And dear old Santa 'll come with things enough to make a heap.



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WHEN BUGVILLE SANTA COMES AROUND.

SANTA CLAUS—"Confound it! I wonder how you get into this house, anyhow!"

BALLADE OF THE CHRISTMAS POET.

THE editors have writ to me:
"Pray give us something for our next
Great Christmas number. Let it be
A gem quite new to fit the text."
Now, was a rhymester e'er more vexed?
Alack! I know not what to do;
My poor old brain is quite perplexed—
Oh, for a Christmas thought that's new!

Of holly and of mistletoe
I've scribbled till I'm almost dead;
In fact, of these two things I know
There is no more that can be said.
All Christmas poets I have read,
Hoping for some fresh point of view;
I've conned them all; ideas have fled—
Oh, for a Christmas thought that's new!

In serious moods I've written well
Of ancient "frankincense and myrrh."
And I have rhymed—I blush to tell—
That last word every time with "her."
Of Christmas-trees—my mind 's a blur,
As yours would be, if you wrote, too.
A new idea would raise a stir!
Oh, for a Christmas thought that's new!

L'ENVOI.

Dear muse, I need a Christmas cheque.
In your sweet graciousness will you
Put in my head, nor my hopes wreck,
A little Christmas thought that's new.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

CONFINED TO HIS BED.

INGENIOUS GIRL.

"OH," TITTERS the fair young thing, "I have made the loveliest present for papa!"

"Made it?" asked the friend.

"Yes. I found his last summer's panama hat in the wardrobe this week, and I painted it blue and tied it up with green ribbon, and it makes just the loveliest waste-basket you ever saw."

As papa had spent but a bagatelle of forty dollars for the aforesaid panama hat, and expected it to wear the rest of his natural life, the amount of roseate joy in his soul on Christmas morning may be surmised.

HIS AILMENT.

Soiled Spooner—"You look like you was hurtin', Seldum. What's de matter?"

Seldum Fedd—"I've got indigestion of de imagination—just read de account of a Christmas banquet dat cost ten dollars a plate."

DEFECTIVE VISION.

She—"How dare you? We are not under the mistletoe. That is holly."

He—"Oh, is it? I'm very sorry, but love is color blind, you know."

CHRISTMAS, 2 A. M.

"Look me in the eye, John Henry!"
"Whish p'ticular eye, m' dear? You sheem t' have more eyes 'n a p'tato!"

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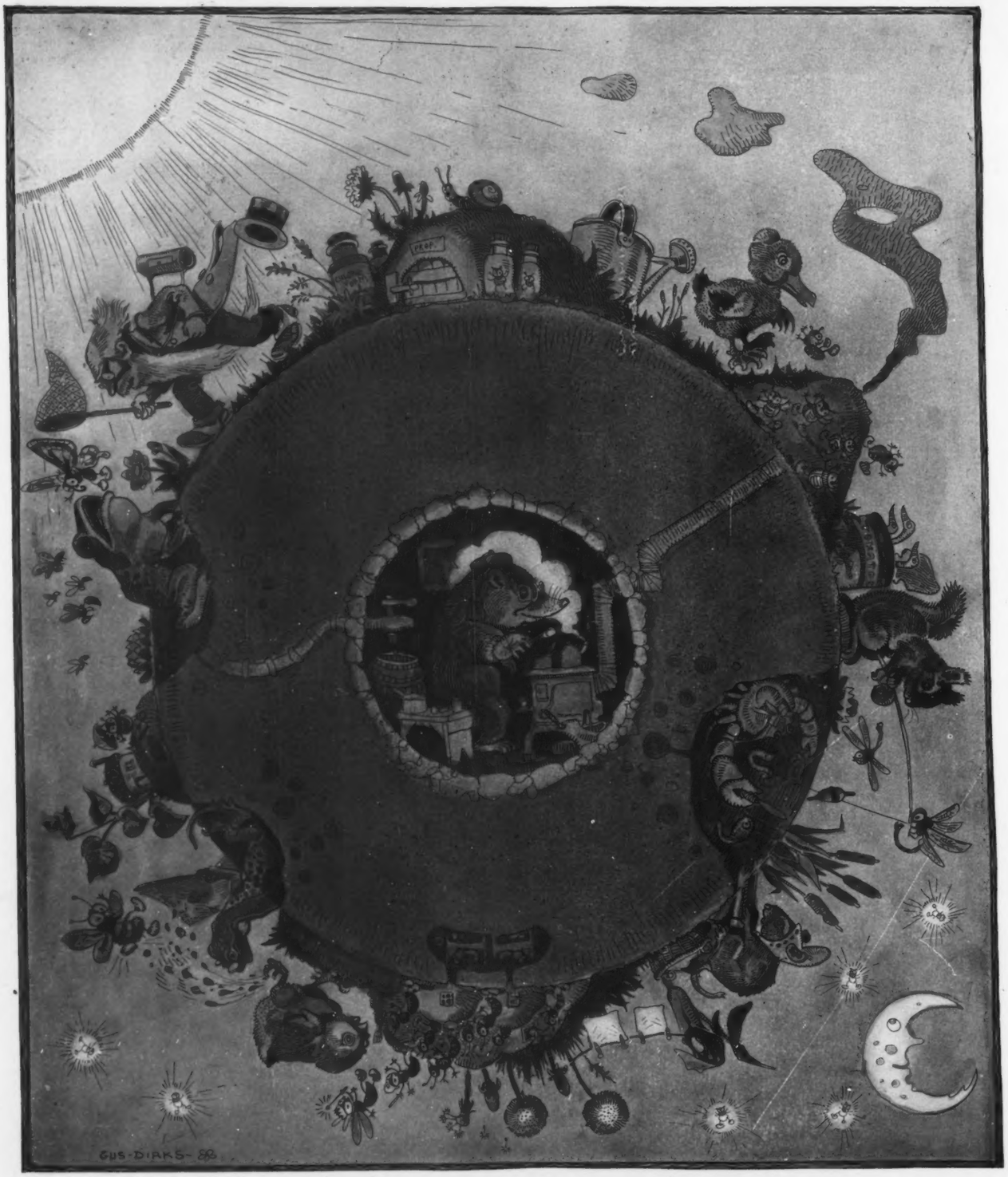
OVERHEARD AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

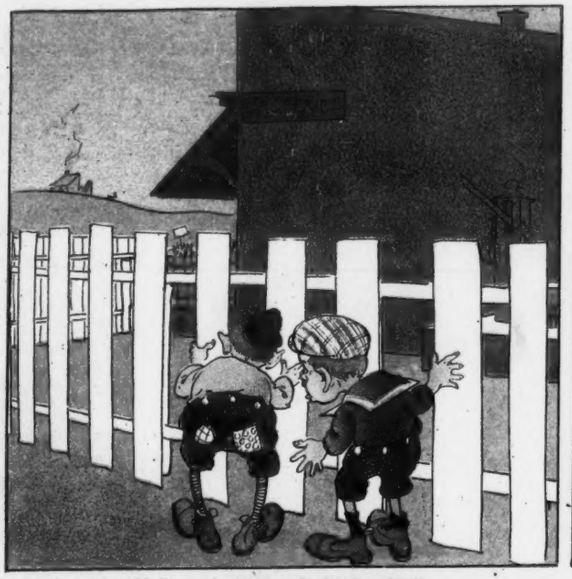
MISS SWELLDOM—"The rich people of this country seem to be 'money mad.'"
COUNT NOTASOUKI (*with a sigh*)—"Oh, they are not half so mad as the people who haven't got it."



THE DANGEROUS WORLD AS LITTLE WILLIE BUG SEES IT.

The earth is full of things,
That think I'm fine to eat.
Oh, some of them have wings
And some of them have feet:
Oh, some of them have paws
And some of them have claws;
But all, elate,
The small and great,
For me have gaping jaws.

I have to dodge the Shang-
Hai rooster and the crab,
The brusque orang-outang
And fish that gulp and grab.
Oh, à la this and that
They eat me, plump and fat.
Earth's creatures pine
On me to dine,
I'm very sure of that.

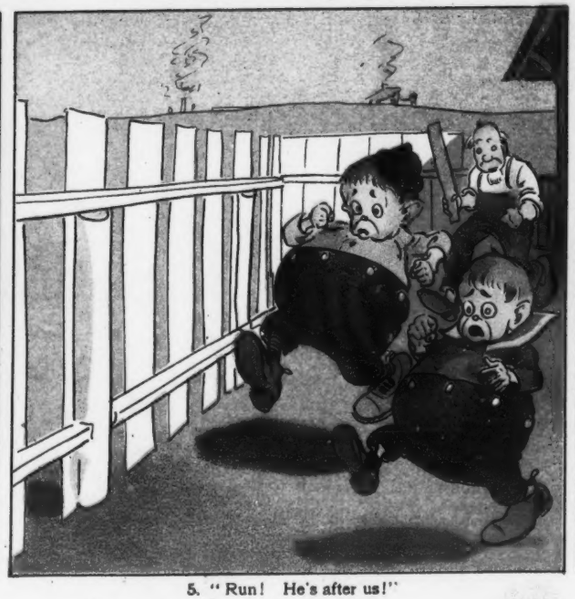


1. "Hully gee! Look at de dried apples."

2. "Come on! Dey're great."

3. "Ain't dis stuff fillin'?"

4. "I never wuz so thoisty!"



5. "Run! He's after us!"

6. "That's for you too, young feller!"

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A REGULAR BOOMERANG.

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LAST CHAPTERS.

TO save the time of the average magazine reader, we append the happy finales of the leading Christmas stories of the year:

"A glad Christmas, indeed," smiled the happy old father, as he wrung the hand of the wayward son who had stepped into the ancestral hall.

"Yes, father," answered the erring son, "and I have come home to stay."

"Ah, my boy, you little know how glad this makes me. Do you bring with you any mementos of your travels?"

"Nothing but my wife and seven children, father."

When the servants gathered up the remains of the white-haired old man they said to one another that he looked as if he had died happy, or had been happy to die.

With a rare smile Gwendolyn looked into his eyes.

"And what," she asked, "would you most desire for a Christmas present?"

"Nothing," avowed Percival Puddeighme, "except you."

"Ah!" wept the fair maid, "I cannot say how happy you make me, for father went into bankruptcy yesterday."

With a low moan Percival sank to the floor.

"Did your mother never speak to you of James Gilfoyle?" asked the bearded stranger, in trembling tones.

"Yes, sir," answered the bright little girl. "Often."

"Then she cannot have forgotten me, after all," huskily murmured the stranger, plucking in his agitation at the strings binding the heavy parcel he carried.

"How long since she mentioned him to you?" he asked again.

"The last time," said the lassie, "was just after she got her divorce from him, so that she could marry the rich pork-packer."

With a muffled curse James Gilfoyle sped down the street, wondering where he could get his dinner.

MANY SUCH.

"Is he an easy talker?"

"Well, he's like a small boy and his Christmas bicycle—he starts out easy but gets tiresome as he goes along."

CONSIDERABLE DIFFERENCE.

MRS. JACKSON—"Yo' used to say yo'r love fo' me was like de torrent ob Niagara."
MR. JACKSON—"Wa-al, it am."
MRS. JACKSON—"No, it ain't. Dey gits some workin' power out ob Niagara."

"Get up! my tried and trusty deer, and fly across the drifts,
That all good little girls and boys may revel in my gifts."

A CAMEO.

SEE the flake
Softly fall
On the lake,
On the mall;

On the shed,
On the cow,
On the red
Bow-wow-wow.

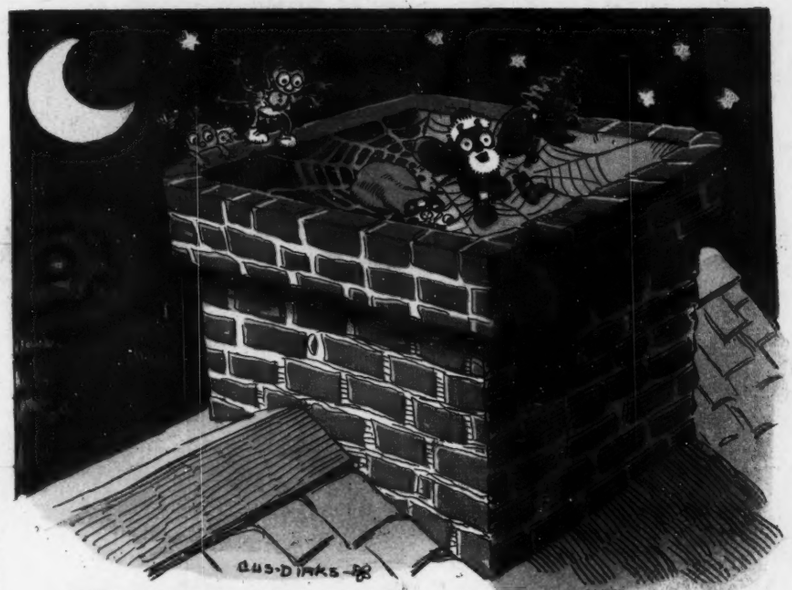
Hear the spry
Little boy
Heave a sigh
Made of joy

While he head
Over heels
For his sled
Swiftly spiels.

THE COIGNE OF VANTAGE.

DeGarry — "Did you two dance the cotillon at the Christmas hop?"

Merritt—"No; we knew a better step than that. It was on the stairs."



THE REASON THE LITTLE FLIES WERE FORGOTTEN THIS CHRISTMAS.

AN INTAGLIO.

SEE the hen,
In repose,
'Neath her winglet
Thrust her nose.

See her rolled
In a heap
Of joy-gilded,
Solid sleep.

See her start
All aglow—
By her antics
Well I know

She's just dreamed
That some coon
Grabbed her 'neath the
Silver moon.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IN BOSTON.

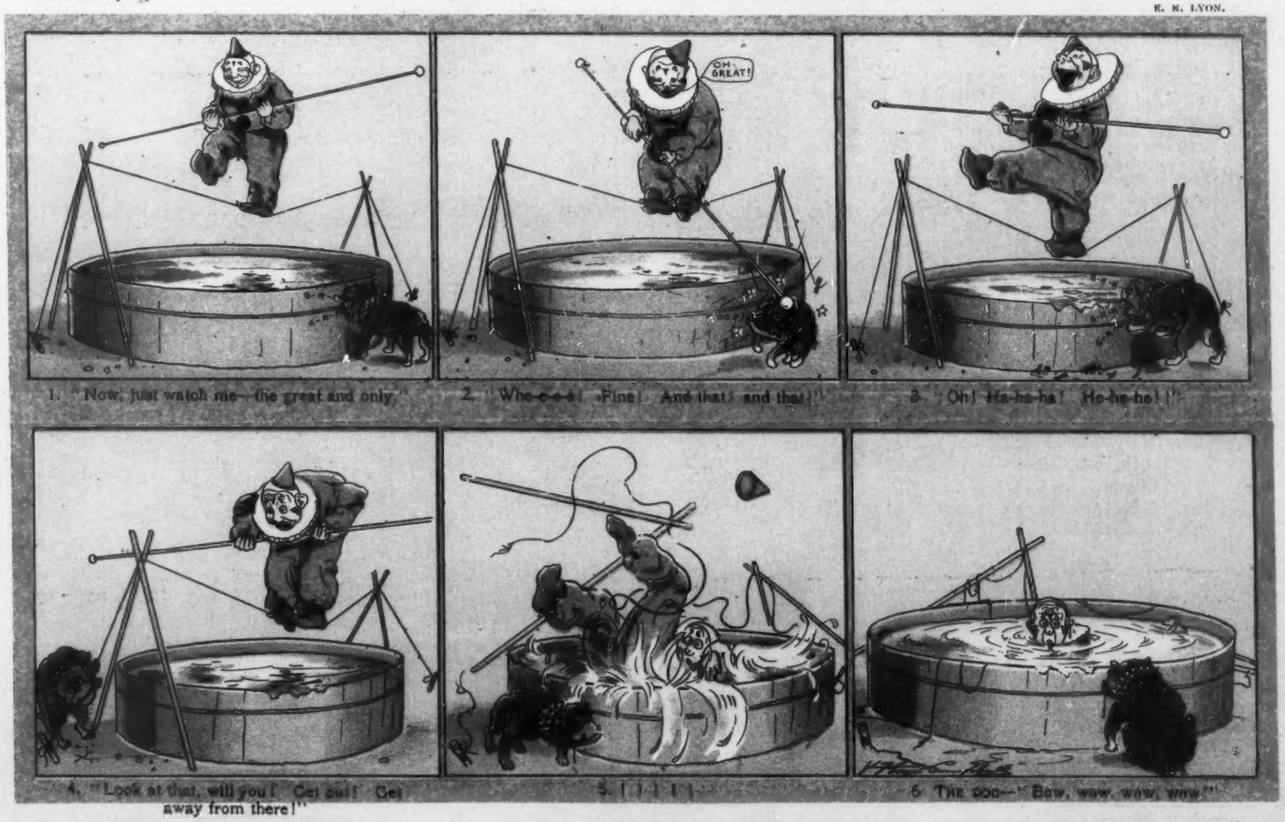
Salesman — "A doll for your little girl, did you say, madam?"

Mrs. Beanz—"Yes, I want one which on being pressed will utter some simple word, such as 'therapeutical,' or 'anthropophagi.'"

IN ORDER to live up to our blue-china Christmas present we frequently have to use very inferior queensware when we don't have company.

OPPORTUNITY will often delight a man by meeting him half way; but there are many men who really expect her to send a twelve-hundred-dollar automobile after them!

E. N. LYON.



1. "Now, just watch me—the great and only."
2. "Whe-e-e! Fine! And that! and that!"
3. "Oh! Ha-ha-ha! He-he-he!"
4. "Look at that, will you! Get out! Get away from there!"
5. ! ! ! ! !
6. The dog—"Bow, wow, wow, wow!"

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ONE ON THE SMART CLOWN

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

THE HORSEHEADS PHILOSOPHER.

I TELL you, here at Horseheads it's looking very fine;
I listen to the zephyr across the snowdrift whine.

I listen to that music that makes my fancies drip
Like syrup off the pancakes that downward gayly slip.

It makes my jaws in jig time the sausage masticate.
Until I snap my fingers and loudly laugh at fate,

And fancy that old Santy has sent us lots of things
Like bacon, squashes, turnips, and other stuff with wings,

That fly into our stomachs and cheer us as they fly,
Though cooked with beef or rabbits, or twisted into pie.

And I just w'sh all people from here to Kankakee
Are fixed up for the winter like us in Horseheads be.

Hurrah for dear old Horseheads! that laughs at winter's wail.
While plenty hurls the wolf from the front door by the tail.

And though I sing its praises as loud as I can yell,
I've not in all my acres a blooming lot to sell.

AT HOLIDAY PRICES.

FARMER GREENE—"If these gold bricks were worth ten thousand dollars each, why did he sell them so cheap to you?"
FARMER BROWNE—"'Sh! He told me they were 'drummers' samples.'"

DESIRABLE.

"THERE'S one great improvement I wish that Santa Claus would make this year," said Cumso.

"What's that?" asked Cawker.

"I wish he would attach a receipted bill to each present."

A CHRISTMAS PRANK.

OLD Father Christmas shook with mirth,
And laughed aloud in glee:
"I'll play a joke on Mother Earth
This Christmas eve," said he.

Across the arctic ice and snow
In his swift sleigh he hied,
And a great bunch of mistletoe
To the north pole he tied.

Next morning, silently he came,
And, just as he had schemed,
He kissed the rosy, blushing dame—
"An earthquake!" people screamed.

"Sir! have you no respect for me?
I'll not be treated so!"
Cried Mother Earth. "Tut, tut," said he,
"You're 'neath the mistletoe!"

CAROLYN WELLS.

AT THE CHRISTMAS BALL.

CHOLLY—"Did you tell your father that I loved you for yourself alone?"
MISS GOTROX—"Yes: and he said you must be smarter than you looked if you could lie like that."

FOOLISH PROCEEDING.

"THAT new minister," said Mr. Wunder, "is about the biggest fool that has ever come here."

"What has he done now?" asked Mrs. Wunder.

"Why, the idiot wanted to take up a collection after the Christmas-tree exercises. Might have known there wouldn't be a cent left in the congregation.'

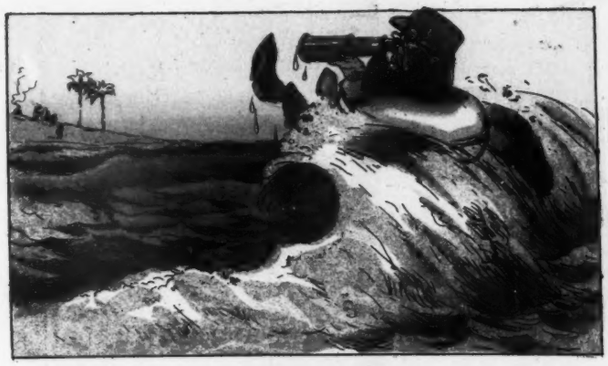
YOUNG AMERICA'S THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

"SAY, pa?"

"Well, what?"

"If the shortest days of the year are in December how can February be the shortest month in the year?"

BUTTERFLY—"Gee! If they ain't using me as a parrot, and I never could swear very well."



1. "By Jinks! They look like cannibals! I hope I won't be their Christmas dinner."

2. First cannibal—"Merry Christmas, friend! Just in time, eh, boys? Guess I'll take a wing."

3. Captain Scuttlebutt—"Certainly."

4. Second cannibal—"Well, I choose a leg."

5. Captain Scuttlebutt—"Certainly, certainly!"

6. Third cannibal—"Never mind. I'll just trouble you for a few teeth for my necklace"
Fourth cannibal—"And that luxuriant hair."

7. "— — — !!!"

8. Chorus (*of cannibals*)—"Throw him back. He's been eaten before."

CAPTAIN SCUTTLEBUTT'S ESCAPE.

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AND HERE'S THE GIRL.

A parlor and a dimly burning light,
A maiden who is pleasing to the sight,
A tiny sprig of sacred mistletoe –
What more is wanted on a Christmas night?

CAUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS.

A FINE old turkey-gobbler,
Up in Rhode Island State,
Escaped the coop Thanksgiving
And strutted round sedate.

"They didn't get me this time,"
Old Mister Gobbler said,
And then he puffed his feathers
And shook his crimson head.

For thirty days he gobbled,
The major of the flock,
Till Santa played policeman
And dragged him to the block.

"I am the country's axe-man
About this time of year."
Said Santa as he landed
The turk behind his deer.

And in the night while snowflakes
Whitened the winding way,
He sang, "Birds of a feather
Are mine on Christmas day."

1. WHY HE SWOONED.

MR. NEWLYWED (*the week before Christmas*)—"Great Scott! Here's six boxes of cheap cigars my wife has evidently bought me for Christmas. I couldn't possibly smoke such vile things, and still I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings by refusing. I'll just substitute six boxes of my best 'Havanas,' and throw these cheap ones in the furnace before she returns."

THE REAL THING.

GLADYS—"Isn't he awfully flat?"
EDITH—"Yes; but he has an 'auto,' a yacht and a drag. He's what you might call a flat with all modern improvements."

THE MODERN PARENT.

Mrs. Knicker—"Does your little boy believe in Santa Claus?"

Mrs. Bocker—"Oh, yes; I always sprinkle gasolene around, so Reginald thinks he comes down the gas-log in an 'auto.'"

TOO TRUE.

HOUGH Christmas eve our homage gets,
Her spouse our homage fills;
Adam comes later in the month
When papa gets the bills.

ALWAYS.

Mrs. Hoyle—"The course of true love never runs smooth."

Mrs. Doyle—"I know it; my husband swore terribly when the bill came in for that love of a Christmas bonnet."

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Stella—"Did you get any duplicate presents?"
Bella—"Yes; four men gave me their hearts."

2. WHY HE SWOONED.

MRS. NEWLYWED (*the day after*)—"Oh, John, I bought six boxes of cheap cigars yesterday for my dear Uncle Jonas, the sea captain, who lives in Maine. I have just shipped them to him by express. They only cost me thirty cents a box, but I'm sure he won't be able to tell them from good ones. Why, how funny you look, John! Are you ill?"

CHRISTMAS TIME IN SLOWVILLE.

UNCLE ABNER'S SARCASM.

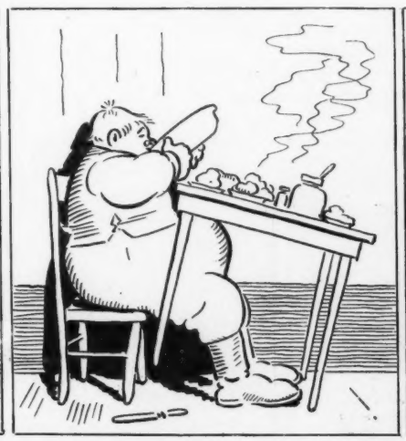
"I see by the *Enterprise* thet yer son Ed 's cum home fer ter spend the hollydays."

"Y-e-p; Ed 's spent all the money he could git holt on, so I guess they hain't nothin' else fer him ter spend."

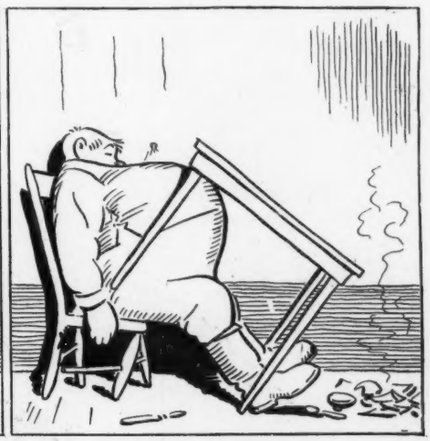
NOTHING IN IT.

JOHNNY WHIFFLE—"Say, do you call it fair, when you ben good to yer sister, an' kep' yer face washed, an' went ter Sunday-school fer a hull month, an' then only git a bum toot'-brush an' a girl's necktie fer a present?"

FIRST COURSE.



SECOND COURSE.



THIRD COURSE—AND OUT.

Seth Shuck's hired man, not being included in the family's invitation to a Christmas dinner, gets one up for himself.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

Picture to yourself the glad smile on the face of Joel Pinchpenny's wife when she gets her presents.

AT THE WIGGINSES' ENTERTAINMENT.

MRS. WIGGINS (*the town elocutionist*)—"'Curfew must not ring to-night!'"

HENRY HENPECK WIGGINS (*startled from his nap*)—"All right, Maria. Have yer own way 'bout it."

JOHNNY'S JOY.

NOW he's on the hill-top,
Boiling in his glee,
Soon he'll glide,
Slip and slide,
On the tra-la-lee.

Soon will he be flitting
Like the gull at sea,
All aglow,
O'er the snow,
On the tra-la-lee.

Oh, he's more than happy,
For he knows that he
Soon will shoot,
Skip and scoot,
On the tra-la-lee.

THE FIRST RECORD.

ARISTIDES had just been asked to inscribe his name on the fateful shell.

"The man says his only objection is to hearing me called 'The Just,'" he mused. "Of course I could remedy that by umpiring a baseball game."

However, preferring exile to such a course, he wrote as requested, and consoled himself with the thought that he was the first recorded victim of the autograph fiend.

HIS ARMIES.

"THIS," said the South American dictator, indicating a little body of armed men, "is my standing army, but this"—

Here he waved his hand toward three or four gentlemen who were industriously writing accounts of alleged battles and victories for the North American press—

"This is my lying army."

HIS LONG CALL.

Gerald—"I am on the go most of the time."

Geraldine—"I never should have noticed it."

SOLID COMFORT.

I AM happy while I sit
With my boot heels cocked on high,
As the merry moments flit,
On the kitchen stove to dry.

I am tilting to and fro,
Like a bluebird on the twig,
And my spirits gayly flow,
And my fancies dance a jig.

And I smoke my corn-cob pipe
Till I like an eagle wing,
Or the festive teeter snipe
O'er the lily-pads in spring.

Though the snow-drifts fill the grove,
And the winds of winter blow,
With my feet upon the stove
I am happy, don't you know.

RISING.

"HERE is an interesting article in this magazine," observes the wife.

"What about?" asks the husband.

"'Woman and Her Aims.'"

"Huh! Has that throwing-bricks-at-the-hen joke worked its way into magazine literature at last?"

THE MARKINGS OF FATE.

"THIS deep line of destiny," said the palmist, "is most remarkable. It shows that something connected with the sea has made, or will make, a strong impression on you."

"I guess you are right," observed the subject. "That is the scar from a gash I made opening oysters."

WON'T THEY BE PLEASED?

Mrs. Knicker—"So sorry to hear your husband failed."

Mrs. Bocker—"Yes, but it will be such a lovely bargain for his creditors. He's going to pay them all, don't you see, nineteen cents on the dollar.

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SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg. Co. New York.

MR. HORSE-FLY—"Hang it all! Just 'cause my name is *Horse-fly* that fool poet insists on using me as horse."

THE SOCK THAT HAD WINGS.

I DREAMED the shot-tower was my sock
Hung in the moon's pale light,
And that the angels came and danced
And filled it full by night.

I dreamed that old Kriss Kringle backed
His sled of reindeer there.
And took the sock from off the beam
And hauled it through the air.

I dreamed that he drove round and round
Like one who loops the loop,
And dumped the sock right where I stood
Waiting upon the stoop.

I dreamed the sock was filled with stars
And comets' tails and things.
And then I dreamed the earth was mine,
And that the sock had wings.

And so it had. When I awoke
I found what you may know:
That he who waits for moonshine socks
Will barefoot walk the snow.

UNIVERSALLY BENEFICIAL.

GLADYS—"I can read him like a book."
EDITH—"Is he good for anything?"
GLADYS—"Is he! Why, he reads like a patent-medicine pamphlet!"

THE DIXIE DARKEY'S DELIGHT.

THE turkey-bird am a very fine bird,
An' I 'low he am pow'ful sweet;
But dar's nuffin dat crawl, or flop or fly
As luscious as de 'possum meat.

When de cold win' blows, an' de tree-tops ben',
An' de moon am away up high,
Dar am no sech pleasuah in all dis wo'ld
As a watchin' de 'possum die.

Dey say dat Cris'mus comes once each year,
An' de time am now jes' about,
But 'twont be Cris'mus twell de dogs all bawk
An' ye heah all de darkeys shout:

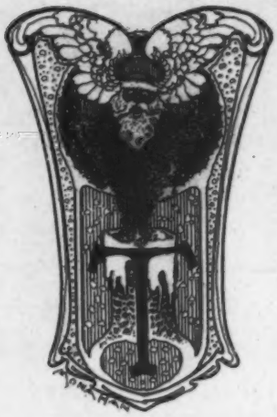
"Dar he lies way up on de limb,"
An' de dogs jes' a-bawkin' roun',
Twell old Mistah 'Possum come kerflop
An' spread hissef on de groun'.

Some 'low yam maik a moughty good pie,
An' I reckon dat it am sweet;
But a yam ain't a yam unless you is got
A whole lot o' 'possum to eat.

UTTERLY SHOCKING.

BRONCO BOB—"Yes; the vigilants ketched Hurricane Bill an' lynched him jes' like an ordinary hoss-thief!"
GRIZZLY PETE—"Heavens! What a disgraceful end fer a feller wot's committed so many murders ez Bill hez!"

WINDY-WEATHER TALES.



THE man who lived in Canada opened the store door and a gust of wind almost blew out the lamps.

"Shet it, quick!" yelled the storekeeper, making a grab for the wrapping paper.

The man paused with the door half open and surveyed the crowd in disgusted surprise. Then he carefully shut the door and took a seat as far from the crack in the wall as possible.

"Sho, it's windy!" said the town marshall. "Don't reckon them boats will try ter git out to-day."

The man eyed him pityingly. "Call this windy? Shucks! Why up in Canada folks would say this was so nigh a dead calm that it warn't no use ter try ter go sailin'. 'Member one time—nothin' out of the common up thar, but you fellers might think it somethin'—I was a-helpin' ter build a house, an' 'long in the evenin' the wind commenced ter git up pretty strong. By an' by it got so strong that us that was workin' on the side of the house that the wind was a-blowin' aginst couldn't draw back our hammers aginst it ter hit the nails, an' it kept gittin' harder. Then I thought of a way: I would just hold a nail where I wanted it driv', an' that blamed wind was a-blowin' so hard that in less 'en a minute that nail would be driv' plum up. Got my side of the house finished 'fore them on the sheltered side was half done."

"Huh!" said the retired whaler, "don't call that sich a hard wind. The place to see the wind blow *hard* is up in the North sea. I recalls a little incident that took place when I was second on the Mary Jane bark, when we was a-winterin' up 'mongst the ice packs. An' bears? them floes was jest natchally swarmin' with polar bears. We had muzzle-loadin' guns in them days, an' every blarsted grain of our powder had got wet in a squall, so we jest had to set an' watch them fine fat bears walk up an' look at us sorter contemptious an' then walk off.

"Wa-al, I didn't like that, so one day when thar was a little more of a breeze than usual I fill up a pocket with bullets an' go for a walk.

"In a little while I sees a bear right straight down the wind from me, so I takes out a bullet an' holds it up between my finger an' thumb an' then lets go. That bear dropped dead with a hole plum through him; an' I went on huntin' till all my bullets was gone. We killed more'n a thousand bears that winter."

"Come back an' shet that door!" shouted the storekeeper after the man who had lived in Canada.

EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL.

HIS HILARITY.

I puff my pipe in manner gay,
And like the snipelet toot my lay.

I wildly trip and sing care free,
The while I skip the tra-la-lee.

Oh, I am full of joy intense,
E'en as the bull that clears the fence;

Because my pension came to-day—
Though 'tis but "ten," hip-hip hooray!

FAMILIAR.

Traveler — "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

Novelist—"Perhaps you have seen my portrait in the newspapers."

Traveler—"Oh, yes. Let me see, are you the three-dollar-shoe man, or the man who was cured by Blank's reumatine?"

DONE ON PURPOSE.

"Old Soak is an habitual drunkard, isn't he?"

"Well, I would call it systematic rather than habitual."

CORROBORATIVE.

"TH' NEW tacher at th' school is a queer felly," asserted Mr. Feeligan.

"How's thot?" asked Mr. O'Shuvvel.

"Me b'y Tommy sez th' teacher sez th' ostr-rich isn't a rale bur-rd at all, but th't 't is a fowl."

"Th' tacher 's roight," announced Mr. O'Shuvvel. "Wan ostr-rich 'd ma-ake a t'ousand rail bur-rds."

LOQUACIOUS.

"IN a certain sense he is not on speaking terms with his wife."

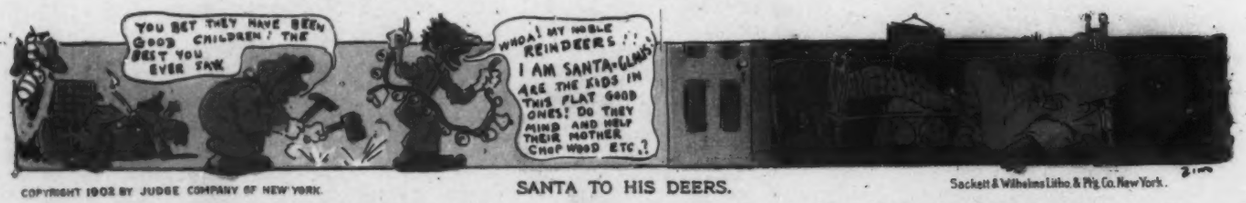
"Why, they live together, don't they?"

"Yes, But she does all the talking."

PERHAPS truth would not be crushed to earth so often if it did not get in the way.

FATE OF THE OVER-AMBITIOUS.

FIRST BOY—"Oh, he tried ter play hog—he joined eleven different Sunday-schools jest before Christmas so ez ter get eleven presents."
SECOND BOY—"W'ot did he get?"
FIRST BOY—"He got nuttin'—he joined so many he couldn't attend to any of 'em!"



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SANTA TO HIS DEERS.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg. Co. New York.

Whoa, there, my noble deers! till I discover that
The children all are good who occupy this flat.

If good they are they'll find their stockings brimming full
Of candy hippopot and candy dog and bull

And locomotive red and hobby horsie green,
And other gifts the best that on the earth are seen.

Their mother up the shaft now warbles soft and sweet
That all her little ones are quite as good as wheat.

So wait while on the hearth I tenderly unpack
The train of railroad cars, the painted jumping-jack,

The talking doll, the blocks, the soldiers and the pop-
Corn ball that makes the child with rosy rapture hop.

Of course I'll hurry back as lively as I can,
So patient be and I, according to the plan

On which we work, will give, you kindly understand,
A lump of sugar from a very willing hand.

THE BEST HE EVER GOT.

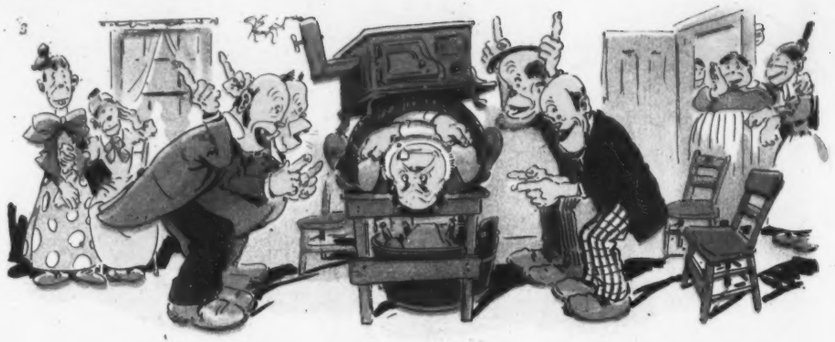
WEARY WILLIE—"Did you ever get anything valuable at Christmas, Chauncey?"
CHAUNCEY CHILELANES—"Well, if time is money I got somethin' once, when a judge give me 'six months at hard labor.'"

1.

DOOLEY—"Boys, I hov a good thrick to show yez. I read av it in wan av thim syentifick papers. Casey, we'll raise you wid yure whole weight by jest our finger tips!"

2.

DOOLEY—"And to show yez how azey it is, we'll put on the cook-stove to mek it heavier."
CASEY—"I don't think yez kin do it."



3.

DOOLEY—"Well, you'll see about thot! When we say Wan! Two! Three! take a big breath, an be sure to howld it in!"

4.

DOOLEY—"Now, boys! Wan! Two! Three!"
CASEY—"Say, min, give me a match to loight me pipe."
CHORUS—"Hivins! He let out his breath!"

5.

CASEY—"I think this game will be death of me!"

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DOOLEY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY, OR HOW CASEY UNCONSCIOUSLY QUEERED A GOOD ACT.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Pt'g. Co. New York.

THE SOLUTION.

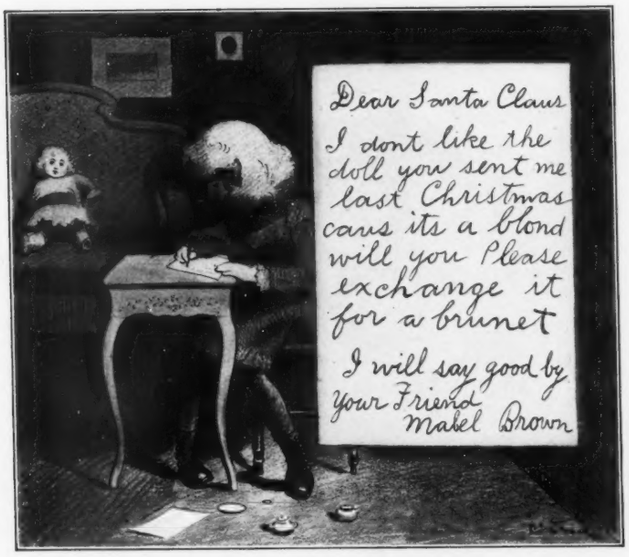
BEFORE they used the mistletoe
As license for the sweets, you know,
What think you, pray, that men and misses
At Christmas season did for kissse?
The records of the past, no doubt,
Would prove they got along without.
Without the kisses? No, no, no!
I mean, without the *mistletoe*.

EDWIN A. SABIN.

THE USUAL RESULT.

Jaggles—"Did her piano playing at the Christmas party create much comment?"

Waggles—"I should say it did. As soon as she began it set them all talking."



THE FEMININE "EXCHANGE" HABIT.

VERY SIMILAR.

WILLIE, OF YALE—"Ethel, of Wellesley, is making a big kick because her last negative makes her look so ugly."
CHARLEY, OF PRINCETON—"Well, that's just like her."

A CASE FOR SYMPATHY.

SCŒVOLA, led prisoner before Porsenna, held his hand over her Christmas-present lamp until it burned off.

"But why," asked his captors, "did you do it?"

"To show," he haughtily replied, "that I do not shrink from torture. My wife makes me open my own soft-boiled eggs for breakfast."

Thereupon the Etruscan, sympathizing, set him free.

SAVED.

CLOTHO was employed in spinning the thread of destiny when word was brought that a mortal had climbed a Christmas-tree in his auto.

"Of course," she remarked, "he must die. His thread has been cut."

"No," returned Atropos, "it wasn't cut; I bit it."

Thus once again was mere man saved by the eternal feminine.

A POSSIBILITY.

OUR GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDCHILDREN—"Hey dere, Sandy Claus! Come up wid de goods."

1.

RICH OLD AUNT—"I'll send Tom this copy of Dr. Goodthing's sermons and put in one hundred dollars as a surprise."

2.

TOM (*of the 'varsity scrub*)—"Ah, ha! From Aunt Amelia. Something great, you bet."

3.

"Well, I'll be jiggered! Sermons!!"

4.

NORA (*the newswoman*)—"Sure, 'tis a cold Christmus, and the childer wid'out one wee bit of a prisint, an'"—— (*Bang!*)

5.

"Glory to the saints! Be I dr'amin'?"

6.

"Sure, it's a great Christmus we'll have, an' the money kim direct from hivin. Hallelujah!"

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THE NEWSWOMAN'S CHRISTMAS MIRACLE.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg. Co. New York.

AT THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

"WILL you have some of the catsup on your oysters, Mr. Sooner?" said Mrs. Small to the new boarder.

"Thank you, no," replied he. "I am a vegetarian."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

First cannibal—"I have that tired feeling."

Second cannibal—"How do you account for it?"

First cannibal—"The Christmas missionary I ate yesterday was from Philadelphia."

UNKIND COMMENT.

"MY HUSBAND had a telephone put in as my Christmas present," chirped Mrs. Twitters.

"Gift of the gab, eh?" replied the unkind Mr. Hojack.

THEIR FIRST TELEGRAM.

UNCLE JOEL BARKER—"Mother, here's a telegram from Henry, sayin' fer to 'Kill the fattest turkey—will be home Christmas.'"

MRS. BARKER—"Thet sounds like Henry, but, father, thet hain't *Henry's hand-writin'*."

EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS.

"SIRS," cries the excited senator, "we must send this instruction to our army: 'You may lead the Filipino to the Christmas-tree, but you can not make him eat a candy lion.'"

"That is eminently proper," observes another member. "As the matter stands now it may be said to be a horseless horse on both the proverb and the Filipino."

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Mrs. Wise—"You are very hoarse, Johnny! I shall have to wrap your throat in flannel and give you some cough syrup."

Johnny—"Would it not do just as well, ma, if you gave me some flannel cakes and maple syrup?"

UP TO DATE

LILLIAN—"Do you really think Santy will drive up with a sleigh and reindeers, and come down the chimney?"

REGINALD—"Nope! If he's up to date he'll be driving a twenty-horse-power "auto" and come right through the side of the house."

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

RISMUS am a-comin', and I hope de tree
What am gently wavin' somewhar roun' fer me

Will hab on its branches, not a pile ob tings
What makes little chillun happy till dey sings.

But I hope ter 'scover on de tree dat ben's,
Twenty-seben possums an' twenty-seben hens.

RURAL DISSIPATIONS.

Hiram—"Jake 's gittin' purty badly stuck-up lately. This old neck o' the woods hain't hardly good enough fer him. Why, the feller actually hitches up an' rides in his buggy when he goes ter git the cows in the evenin' !"

Silas—" You don't tell ! Nex' thing he'll be takin' a daily paper, b'gosh !"

A MONEYED BUSINESS.

"WELL, Benny, what do you intend to be when you grow to be a man ?" asked Mr. Twynn of Benny Bloobumper.

" I intend to be a philanthropist," replied Benny. " They always have plenty of money."

COULDN'T BE DONE.

"YOU ought to mobilize your army," said the foreign adviser to the emperor of China.

" Automobilize it ?" replied the emperor, who dearly loves a merry jest. "Great Scott ! man, I can't even afford to buy horses for it."

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

Burdock—" What are you wearing red flannel around your throat for ? Is it sore ?"

Baxter—" No. My wife has given me a necktie that I don't dare wear at business, and my typewriter girl another that I don't dare wear either at business or at home !"

1. " Oh, I'll get ye!"

2. " There ye are!"

3. You're a heavy bird!"

4. "Wow "

5. "Help ' ' !"

A REQUEST.

Trickle down, oh candy,
From the stocking high,
And you'll see this dandy
Catch it on the fly.

A SURE SIGN.

"THOSE people across the way must be getting poorer all the time."

" What makes you think that ?"

" Why, I see their stock of dogs is steadily increasing."

THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

Bramble—" Jones, the historical novelist, was a classmate of mine at college."

Thorne—" He was a diligent student of history, I suppose?"

Bramble—" No; but he always managed to make the professor believe he was."

PROBABLY.

Ted—" Ours was a secret engagement."

Ned—" Is that why the girl didn't keep it ?"

INELIGIBLE.

Mrs. Newstyle—"Why in the world wouldn't they let you into the 'mothers' meeting' ?"

Mrs. Oldstyle—" I had my baby with me."

HE WILL.

I'll have a lot of presents if on my Christmas tree
I find to-morrow morning the things that now I see.

PROBABLE.

Jaggles—" A Chinese play lasts about two weeks."

Waggles—" I suppose the actors are always losing their queues."

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HIS MONKEY METHODS.

I KNOW that
when I bow
and scrape
I look extremely
like an ape,
But then I do it
every day,
Because, you know,
I am au fait.

In silly togs am I bedect,
Because, you know, I'm quite correct
In everything I say and do,
Though not a monkey through and through.

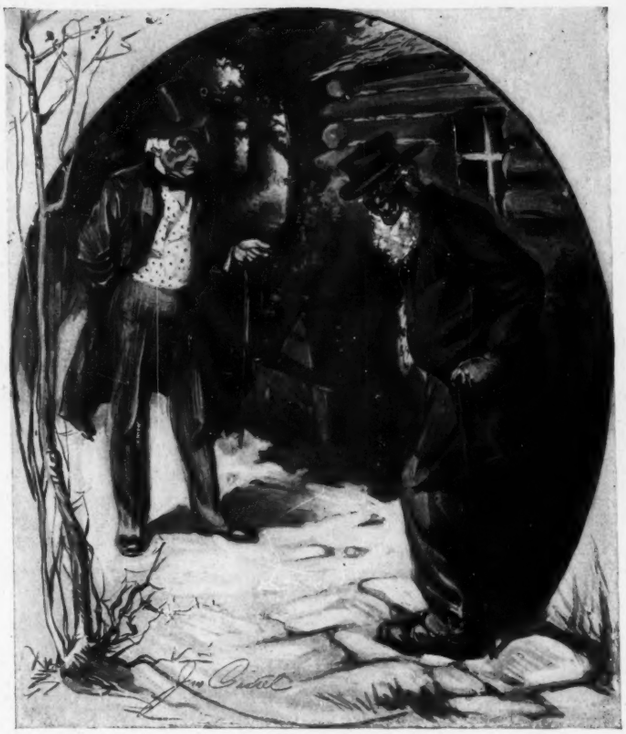
I am not what I oft appear ;
I only sport the gay veneer
That's recognized from sea to sea
In ultra-swell socie--tee.

And that is why I always pile
On lots and lots of swagger style,
Because the end 's the thing, you know,
That justifies the means, by Joe !

The end of all my capers queer
Is but to lure, ere ends the year,
A lovely little girl I know
Beneath the mystic mistletoe

And make a starting-point right there
For yonder church across the square,
And gather that which near and far
Is scads in the vernacular.

I think I know what I'm about,
And truthfully I sing and shout—
Beneath my monkey whirl and whizz
I am a solid man of biz.



HIS FINISH.

MAJOR BLUEBLUD—"Merry Christmas, Uncle! Won't you have a Christmas eye-opener with me this morning?"

UNCLE MOSE—"Well, Majah Blueblud, I sho'ly wud like ter hab one ob dese yere eye-openers; but I dun had so many ob dem dis mawnin' already I'm feared dis *one* would be an 'eye-closer.'"

Santa Claus—"I had a horrible dream last night."

Mrs. Santa Claus—"What was it, dear?"

Santa Claus—"I dreamed that the centipedes had hung up their stockings."

A HOLIDAY NEED.

"IF I could only think of something that everybody wants," complained the luckless inventor, "I could make my fortune."

"Why don't you invent a noiseless drum?" asks the practical friend.

A LIVE BORE.

"IN THE olden times, Miss Sezzit," observed the young man who came early and stayed late, and said nothing of interest at any time, "it was a good old Christmas custom to bring in the boar's head on a charger."

"And now," answered the maiden, "the bore brings in his own head on his shoulders."

But this only led the youth into a disquisition on the folly of permitting stock to run loose.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

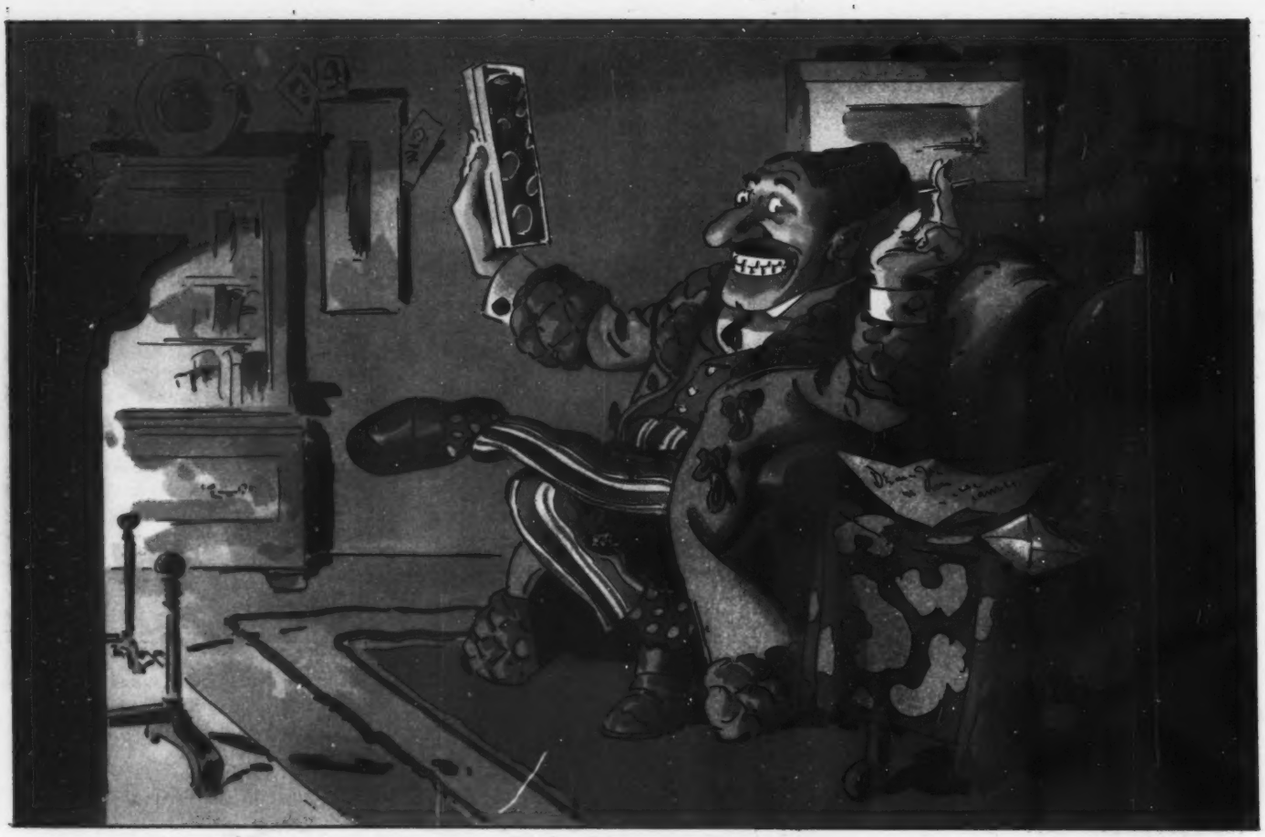
"IN DAYS gone by, Miss Gertrude," said the learned youth, "the Christmas festivities were joyous, indeed. Beneath the long, low rafters of the ancient dining-halls the 'squire and his lusty retainers would gather and drain their horn drinking-cups to the bottom, then all the cups would come crashing to the oaken board and the cry would go up, 'Wassail!'"

"And was it ale?" asked the doe-eyed damsel.

CHRISTMAS CHARITY IN 1905.

MISS SMYTH—"I suppose you find many cases of extreme want during your visits among the poor?"

MISS CHARITY WORKER—"Yes, I visited a family to-day and actually they hadn't a drop of gasoline for their automobile."



1. Jack Bachelor—"Well, well! Just see this necktie my darling Lucille has sent me for Christmas! It looks like an eruption of Mont Pelee. I'll just take it down to the office and give it to the colored porter, instead of his regular Christmas tip."

2. Jefferson (*the porter, after examining contents*)—"Oh, thank yo', Mistah Bachelor—thank yo', sah! Dis tie am suttinly a stunner, an' dis yar diamond-pin down to de bottom ob de box am simply a crown jewel, sah—dat's w'ot it am!"

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LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

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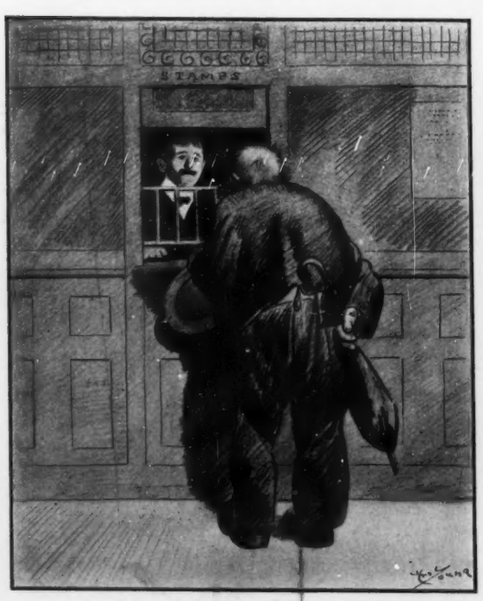
SUB ROSA.

I am a military maid,
And though I'm out upon parade,
There is a march that, I'm afraid,

Much better suits me through and through—
The march on old Sixth avenue,
Where newest togs are on review.

And that is why I step along
Amid the horrible ding-dong,
My heart a thunderbolt of song.



THE CHRISTMAS MONEY-ORDER.

FARMER—"Got a letter fer me?"
POST-OFFICE CLERK—"What's the name, please?"
FARMER—"Name! Say, can't ye see the name on the letter?"

A POET'S EXPLANATION.

NOW Marguerite is very sweet,
And passing fair is Phyllis,
And many days I've sung the praise
Of lovely Amaryllis.
But I decide at Christmastide
These must give way to Dolly,
Because her name—God bless the same!—
Rhymes perfectly with holly!

Oh, very dear is Guinevere,
And fair, I wis, is Fanny;
And like a rose that softly blows
Is dainty, winsome Annie.
And Edna, Mae, and Evelyn
I love—but give me Dolly
On Christmas day, because, I say,
Her name's a rhyme for holly!

And Charlotte, too, I love full well,
And Ethel's eyes are tender;
Dear Alice, with her waving hair—
How many flowers I send her!
Oh, little maids, I love you all,
Yet give me now sweet Dolly;
Her name fits well in what I sell
About the Christmas holly!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Author—"Isn't it about time you publish that Christmas story of mine that you bought three years ago?"

Publisher—"You have no kick coming. Haven't you always said that you write for posterity?"

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

Mrs. Bronxborough—"Does your husband make fun of you when you shop all day without buying anything?"

Mrs. Richmond—"Yes; and if I buy anything he says I'm trying to ruin him by my extravagance."

HIS LUCK.

DOLLY—"He proposed to Daisy Gotrox while cycling."
EDITH—"Did she accept him?"
DOLLY—"Oh, yes. Now he calls his bicycle a wheel of fortune."

AT NASSAU, N. P.

"I BELIEVE," announced the sturdy young man, "in telling the naked truth."

Here the young woman dug a hole in the sand with her toe before answering,

"Would it not suffice to put it in a bathing suit? It would be more conventional, and quite as—quite as—complete, you might say."

1. Smith—"By Jove! you'll make a good Santa Claus. Just what we need for to-night."

2. Smith—"Immense! Bully! Fine!"

3. "Now remember, this box of cigars and bottle of old brandy are for Uncle Tom, and this watch is for Freddie——

4. ——and this diamond ring is for my wife, and the overcoat is for Jim, and the hundred dollars is for Julia."

5. "Now you go outside and ring the bell, and the family will rush to the door and be surprised. Ha, ha!"

6. Sloppy Sammy—"Say, dat was *too* easy. I wunder if dey're waitin' yet ter hear de bell."

YES, SMITH SURELY SURPRISED THE FAMILY.

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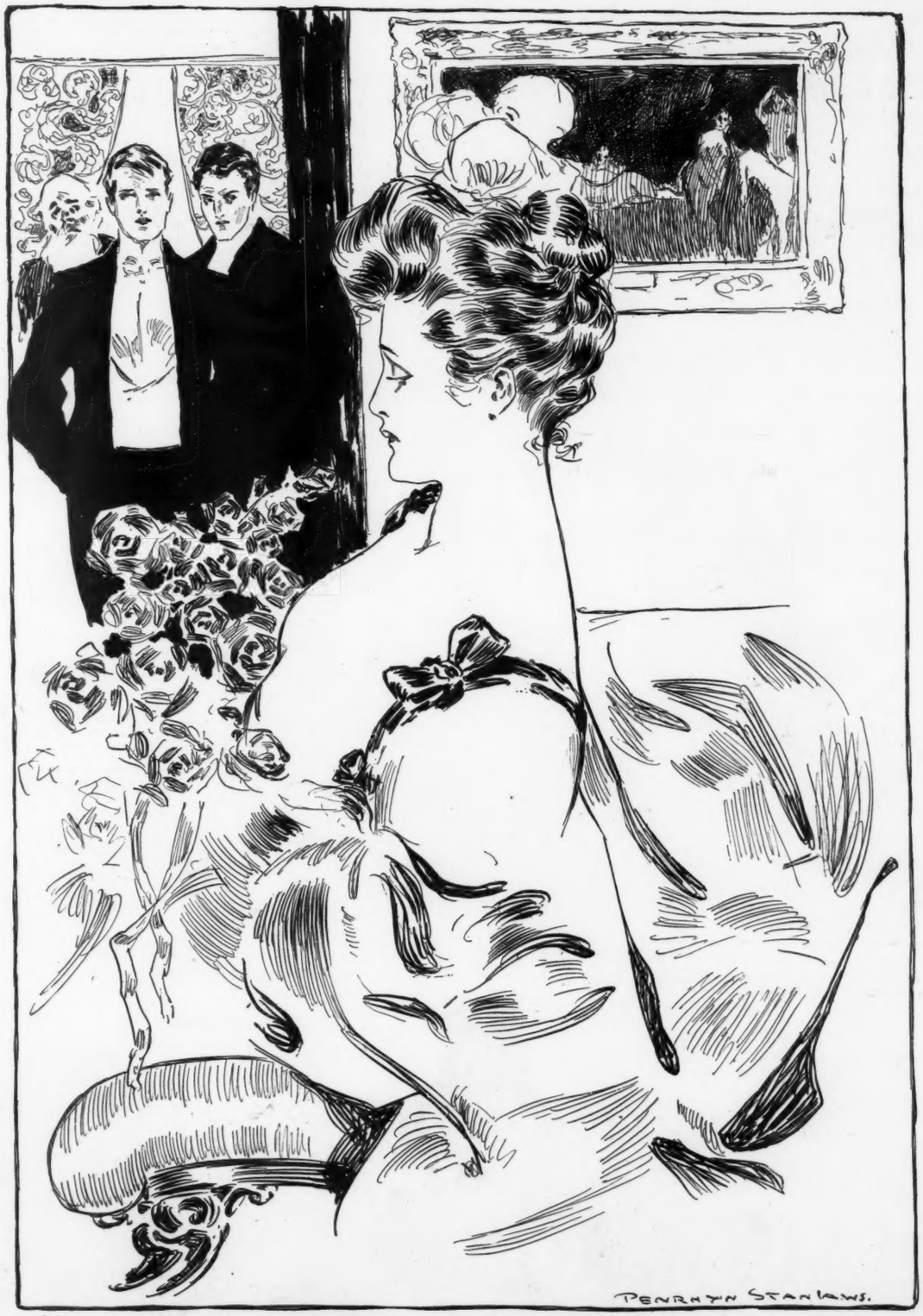


AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

JACK GOODFELLOW—"Dear me! I've spent so much money on that rich widow that I haven't enough left to buy her a Christmas gift."

TOM HUGGER—"Well, your credit is good, isn't it?"

JACK GOODFELLOW—"Great Scott, no! If it was I wouldn't be courting that rich widow."

THE ANNUAL VICTIM.

SCENE: Any newspaper office. Time: December 24th.

Enter ambulance surgeon, accompanied by three sturdy guards.

Surgeon—"Where is he?"

Office-boy—"They got him locked in the file-room, an' he's ravin' somethin' awful."

(Surgeon and assistants proceed to file-room, and after terrific struggle succeed in manacling and carrying out a wild-eyed individual who shrieks and writhes in frenzy.)

Sympathetic visitor—"Who is that poor man?"

Office-boy—"Aw, it's jest de guy wot has been writin' all de letters to Santa Claus an' signin' 'em 'Little Freddy,' an' all like dat."

A CHRISTMAS PRESENTATION.

A merry Christmas, Mr. Jones; your rapture please uncork,
And take these precious jewels.

Yours respectfully, MR. STORK.

"You believe in Santa Claus, don't you, Bobby?"
"Do you mean just before or after Christmas, uncle?"

HIS GUESS.

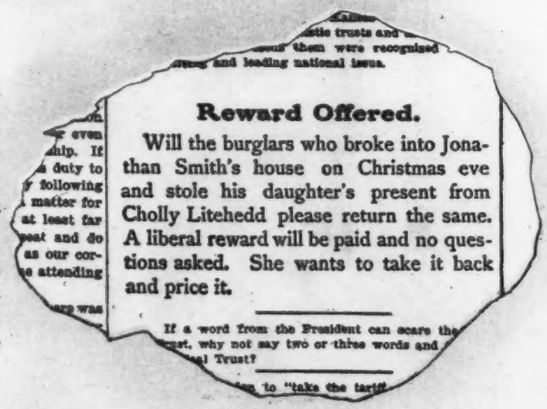
"THERE'S a woman on the piazza," said the first guest at the St. Augustine hotel, "in a lawn dress, reading the epistle to Timothy."

"I know her," said the second guest. "She's that grass widow who was talking so much at breakfast about having everything harmonious and appropriate."

AFTER THE SNOW-FALL.

Mrs. Hightofashun (brushing her latest gown)—"It does seem as if the streets were never in so dirty a condition as they are just now!"

Hightofashun — "I'm sure they ought to be clean; the majority of the women spend most of their spare time sweeping them."



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Will the burglars who broke into Jonathan Smith's house on Christmas eve and stole his daughter's present from Cholly Litehedd please return the same. A liberal reward will be paid and no questions asked. She wants to take it back and price it.

If a word from the President can scare the ... why not say two or three words and ... Trust?

... to "take the tariff

ON A FLORIDA FARM.

Boy (hoeing corn)—"Say, Uncle Si, I'm so thirsty I've got to hev a drink."

Silas Hardscrabble—"Why, son, didn't ye hear Elder Dippem say in his sermon yisteddy, '*Hoe* every one that thirsteth'?"

FLYING LIGHT.

Gustave—"When you took Miss Millyuns to dine at Del's did she order all the entrées?"

Percival (horrified)—"Heavens! no. If she had I would have been obliged to make my exit!"

Petro—"Do you believe that there is an underground sea'?"

Leum—"Certainly. Where else could the whales be that are spouting oil in Texas?"

Here the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.
Ends and I'm a-brim
With the rapture that
Makes me skip and skim

Till I light my pipe
And with might and main
Turn it over and
Read it all again.

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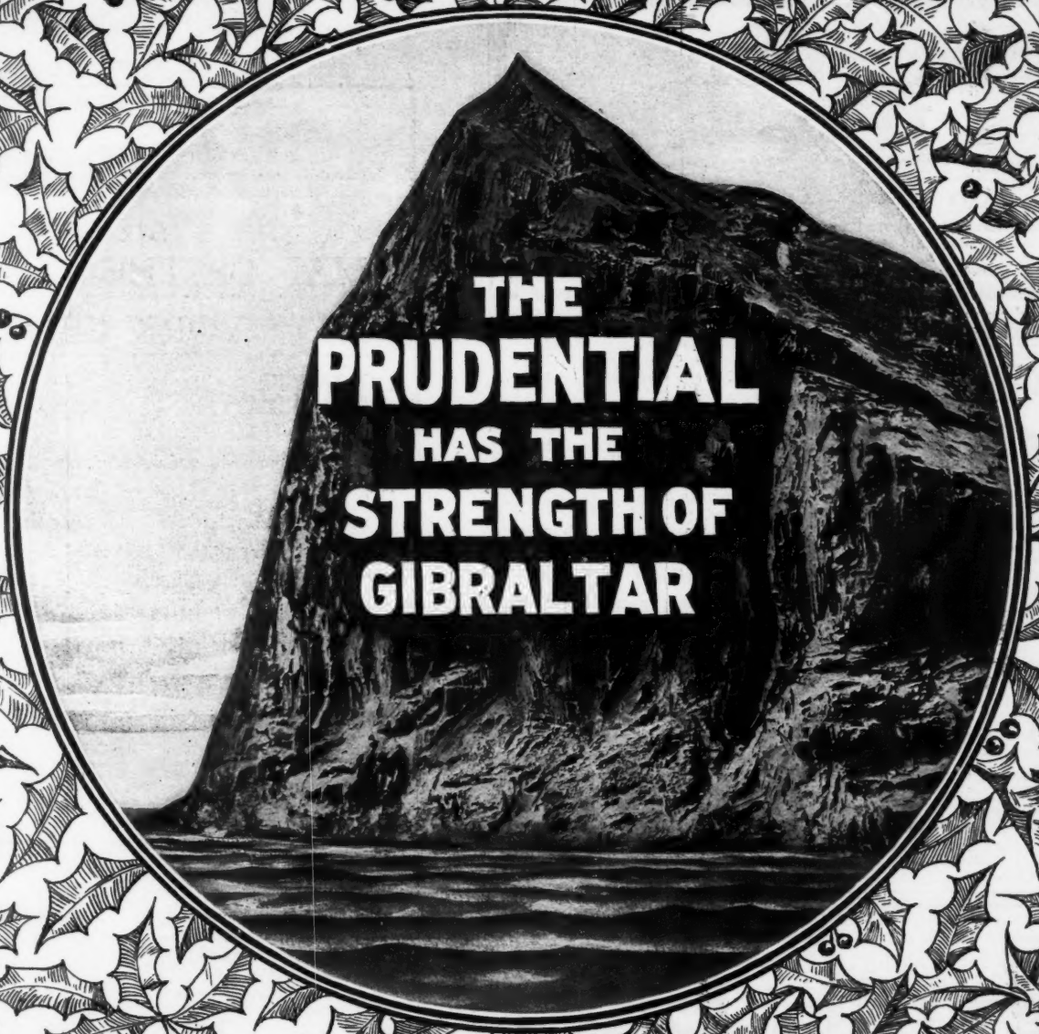

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"Almost. He has just two wisps of hair left."

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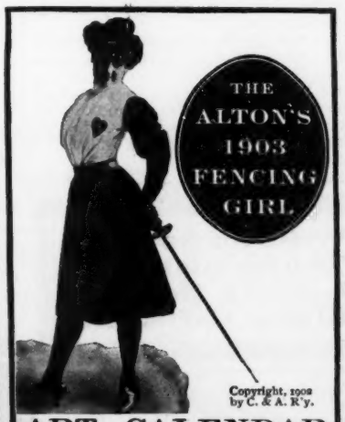

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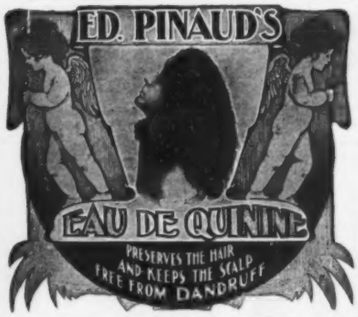

The office that seeks the man is generally the one in which there are no fees. —*Philadelphia Record.*

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"What's the trouble, Henry?" asked his wife. "Wasn't the majority as large as you expected?"

"I'm not thinking about the election, Jess," gloomily replied the statesman whose admiring constituents had returned him to congress for another term. "You remember there is a brand of five-cent cigars named for me? Well, they're selling them two for five cents now."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Washington had just been elected president.

"But tell us," he was asked, "why did you select the cherry-tree to cut down?"

"I knew," replied the sagacious George, "that the plum-tree would come in handy later."

Without further ado he selected his cabinet and appointed fifty-five postmasters.—*New York Sun.*

"No," said Mr. Bliggins; "I haven't any use for philosophers."

"Why not?"

"My idea of a philosopher is a man who pretends he enjoys hard luck."—*Washington Star*

A woman in pursuit of a late-summer gown stood in front of a counter heaped with foulards in a big store. A blue ground with a white polka dot seemed to please her best, but she paused irresolutely.

"It looks just like the old indigo-blue calicoes they used to wear when I was a little girl in the country," she said discontentedly.

"Madame," said the portly salesman, "long after you and I are dead and gone women will be wearing blue and white polka dots. They have worn them since the race emerged from barbarism. They will wear them until it sinks into it again."

After that portentous gravity and heavy philosophy the woman bought the dress in a dazed silence.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

"Shure, Oi'm no partisan, Jerry. Oi vote fer the best man."

"An' how c'n yez tell which wus th' best man till afther th' votes are counted, Dinny?"—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

Mamma—"You naughty boy! What do you mean by saying 'Don't bother me now' when I asked you how you got your clothes soiled?"

Offspring—"That's what you tell me when I ask you something you don't know how to answer."—*Boston Transcript.*

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He—"Will you have a little lobster?"

She—"Oh, John, this is so sudden!"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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"WHEN CASEY CAME HOME SOBER."

There's trouble down in Casey's block,
there's heaps of trouble there,
And many an imprecation deep is flying
through the air,
For Casey has disgraced himself, and the
block it feels aggrieved—
For it's very proud of Casey and it hates
to be deceived.
Pat Casey never yet was known to draw
a sober breath,
And Casey said that if he did 'twould
surely cause his death;
And now the block is crazy and trouble
there is rife,
For Casey 's come home sober, for the
first time in his life.

Pat Casey was the "mixed ale king,"
the champion of his class,
He drank a half a dozen kegs while others
drained a glass.
The block was madly proud of him, and
now it feared to lose
The glorious reputation of its uncrowned
king of booze.
So ev'ry growler, duck and can was
quickly on the chase,
And quarts of ale and lager soon were
dashed in Casey's face,
And soon the glorious news went out to
thousands round the door,
"The honor of the block is saved; great
Casey 's full once more."

Poor Casey couldn't understand how
things all came about;
He must have sobered while asleep, of
that there was no doubt.
He deeply felt the sad disgrace, he *keenly felt the pain*,
And swore that beastly *sober* he *would never be again*.
The morals of the neighborhood he'd
never more offend,
But a decent drunken Casey he'd remain until the end;
And he promised ne'er again that he to
death would scare his wife,
By coming home quite sober any more
in all his life. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS.

Miss Gaygirl—"Did you say you have lived in New Mexico all your life?"
Mrs. Hansom—"Yes."
Miss Gaygirl—"And been married five times?"
Mrs. Hansom—"Yes."
Miss Gaygirl—"Ever divorced?"
Mrs. Hansom—"No; husbands all shot."
Miss Gaygirl (gushingly)—"How romantic!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I don't see," she said, "how you can pursue a train of thought here in all this noise."
"Oh, I'm an old commuter," he replied, "and pursuing trains has become second nature to me."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Landlady—"What portion of the chicken would you like, Mr. Newcomer?"
Mr. Newcomer—"Oh, half of it will be ample, thank you."—*Tit-Bits.*

"I suppose you feel that the mantle of Booth has fallen on your shoulders," said the admiring friend.
"I wasn't thinking so much about Booth's mantle," rejoined Mr. Stormington Barnes, "as about my own winter overcoat."—*Washington Star.*

Willie—"This is an up-to-date turkey, papa."
Papa—"In what way, Willie?"
Willie—"Why, it has drumless drumsticks."—*New York Times.*

Two are company until they are made one.—*Baltimore American.*

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"Well, what do you want?"
"A poet's license, please."

"De mule I stole wuz only wuth twenty dollars," said the Georgia darkey, "en bless me, ef de lawyer didn't charge fifty ter prove me innercent!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

There are now but two kinds of political parties in this country—the "point with prides" and the "view with alarms."—*Baltimore American.*

Probably the worst feature about the wisdom that age brings us is the short time we have left to use it.—*Chicago News.*

Landlady—"White meat or dark?"
Boarder—"It doesn't matter; I'm color-blind."—*New York Times.*

Tess—"I don't see how she can be happy with a man like him."
Jess—"Oh, but she says he's another man since he's been married."—*Philadelphia Press.*

She—"Did you ever countenance a lottery?"
He—"Yes; I was best man at my brother's wedding."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Nell—"The worst about ideals is that they are so easily shattered."
Belle—"Yes; we are apt to marry them."—*Philadelphia Record.*

It is better to be a live man in a dead town than a dead man in a live town.—*Chicago News.*

It's the other fellow's money that is the root of all evil.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Fighting tooth and nail—dentists and chiropodists.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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"Who were those two women who just registered?" inquired the hotel proprietor.

"Mrs. Mary McGinnis and her daughter, Miss Mayme MacYnnes," replied the clerk.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Drives away care, lends buoyancy to the spirits and strength to the body—Abbott's Angostura Bitters.

Attorney—"Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

Client—"Except, of course, a lawyer."—*Town Topics.*

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"Almost. He has just two wisps of hair left."

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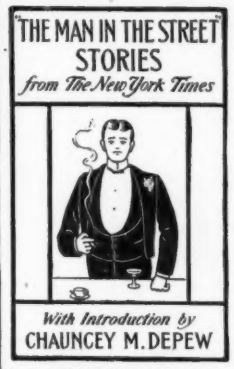

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A woman in pursuit of a late-summer gown stood in front of a counter heaped with foulards in a big store. A blue ground with a white polka dot seemed to please her best, but she paused irresolutely.

"It looks just like the old indigo-blue calicoes they used to wear when I was a little girl in the country," she said discontentedly.

"Madame," said the portly salesman, "long after you and I are dead and gone women will be wearing blue and white polka dots. They have worn them since the race emerged from barbarism. They will wear them until it sinks into it again."

After that portentous gravity and heavy philosophy the woman bought the dress in a dazed silence.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

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"An' how c'n yez tell which wus th' best man till afther th' votes are counted, Dinny?"—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

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"Why didn't I see you at Sunday-school yesterday, James?"

"I guess it's 'cause I wasn't dere."

The office that seeks the man is generally the one in which there are no fees. —*Philadelphia Record.*

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"What's the trouble, Henry?" asked his wife. "Wasn't the majority as large as you expected?"

"I'm not thinking abo[illegible] Jess," gloomily replied [illegible] whose admiring consti[illegible] turned him to congress f[illegible]

"You remember there is [illegible] cent cigars named for me [illegible] selling them two for fiv[illegible] *Chicago Tribune.*

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Write for B[illegible] Testimonia[illegible] Leading H[illegible] Clubs, Cafe[illegible]

Washington had just b[illegible] ident.

"But tell us," he was asked, "why did you select the cherry-tree to cut down?"

"I knew," replied the sagacious George, "that the plum-tree would come in handy later."

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"No," said Mr. Bliggins; "I haven't any use for philosophers."

"Why not?"

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He—"Will you have a little lobster?"

She—"Oh, John, this is so sudden!"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

First comedian—"Did you score a hit with your new specialty?"

Second comedian—"Did I? Why, the audience gazed in open-mouthed wonder before I was half through."

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You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

"WHEN CASEY CAME HOME SOBER."

There's trouble down in Casey's block,
there's heaps of trouble there,
And many an imprecation deep is flying
through the air.
For Casey has disgraced himself, and the
block it feels aggrieved—
For it's very proud of Casey and it hates
to be deceived.
Pat Casey never yet was known to draw
a sober breath,
And Casey said that if he did 'twould
surely cause his death;
And now the block is crazy and trouble
there is rife,
For Casey 's come home sober, for the
first time in his life.

Pat Casey was the "mixed ale king,"
the champion of his class,
He drank a half a dozen kegs while others
drained a glass.
The block was madly proud of him, and
now it feared to lose
The glorious reputation of its uncrowned
king of booze.
So ev'ry growler, duck and can was
quickly on the chase,
And quarts of ale and lager soon were
dashed in Casey's face,
And soon the glorious news went out to
thousands round the door,
"The honor of the block is saved; great
Casey 's full once more."

Poor Casey couldn't understand how
things all came about;
He must have sobered while asleep, of
that there was no doubt.
He deeply felt the sad disgrace, he *keenly felt the pain*,
And swore that beastly *sober* he *would never be again*.
The morals of the neighborhood he'd
never more offend,
But a decent drunken Casey he'd remain until the end;
And he promised ne'er again that he to
death would scare his wife,
By coming home quite sober any more
in all his life. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS.

Miss Gaygirl—"Did you say you have lived in New Mexico all your life?"
Mrs. Hansom—"Yes."
Miss Gaygirl—"And been married five times?"
Mrs. Hansom—"Yes."
Miss Gaygirl—"Ever divorced?"
Mrs. Hansom—"No; husbands all shot."
Miss Gaygirl (gushingly)—"How romantic!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I don't see," she said, "how you can pursue a train of thought here in all this noise."
"Oh, I'm an old commuter," he replied, "and pursuing trains has become second nature to me."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Landlady—"What portion of the chicken would you like, Mr. Newcomer?"
Mr. Newcomer—"Oh, half of it will be ample, thank you."—*Tit-Bits.*

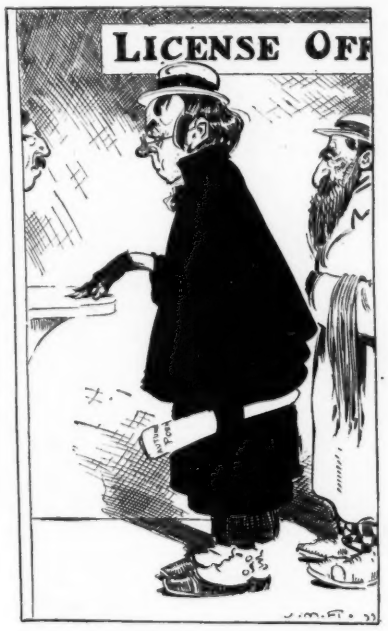
"I suppose you feel that the mantle of Booth has fallen on your shoulders," said the admiring friend.
"I wasn't thinking so much about Booth's mantle," rejoined Mr. Stormington Barnes, "as about my own winter overcoat."—*Washington Star.*

Willie—"This is an up-to-date turkey, papa."
Papa—"In what way, Willie?"
Willie—"Why, it has drumless drumsticks."—*New York Times.*

Two are company until they are made one.—*Baltimore American.*

Hair cared for early stays late. Shampoo once a week with Packer's Tar Soap.

Send for our leaflet on care of the hair. The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.



HE OUGHT TO HAVE IT.
"Well, what do you want?"
"A poet's license, please."

"De mule I stole wuz only wuth twenty dollars," said the Georgia darkey, "en bless me, ef de lawyer didn't charge fifty ter prove me innercent!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

There are now but two kinds of political parties in this country—the "point with prides" and the "view with alarms."—*Baltimore American.*

Probably the worst feature about the wisdom that age brings us is the short time we have left to use it.—*Chicago News.*

Landlady—"White meat or dark?"
Boarder—"It doesn't matter; I'm color-blind."—*New York Times.*

Tess—"I don't see how she can be happy with a man like him."
Jess—"Oh, but she says he's another man since he's been married."—*Philadelphia Press.*

She—"Did you ever countenance a lottery?"
He—"Yes; I was best man at my brother's wedding."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Nell—"The worst about ideals is that they are so easily shattered."
Belle—"Yes; we are apt to marry them."—*Philadelphia Record.*

It is better to be a live man in a dead town than a dead man in a live town.—*Chicago News.*

It's the other fellow's money that is the root of all evil.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Fighting tooth and nail—dentists and chiropodists.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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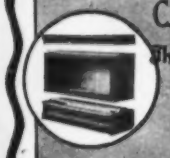

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"What is your occupation?"

"I haven't any."

"What! you mean to tell me a big lout of a fellow like you don't work?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I work in a box-factory."

"Well, don't you call that an occupation?"

"No, sir; I only get three dollars a week; that's no occupation, that's a job."—*Baltimore American.*

Robinson Crusoe had just named his man Friday when he was ready to kick himself all over the island.

"What a fool!" he exclaimed. "If I had called him Saturday I'd have had a pay-day every day in the week."

Subsequently, however, the royalties on his book more than covered his loss.—*New York Tribune.*

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"You wouldn't if you knew the cigars."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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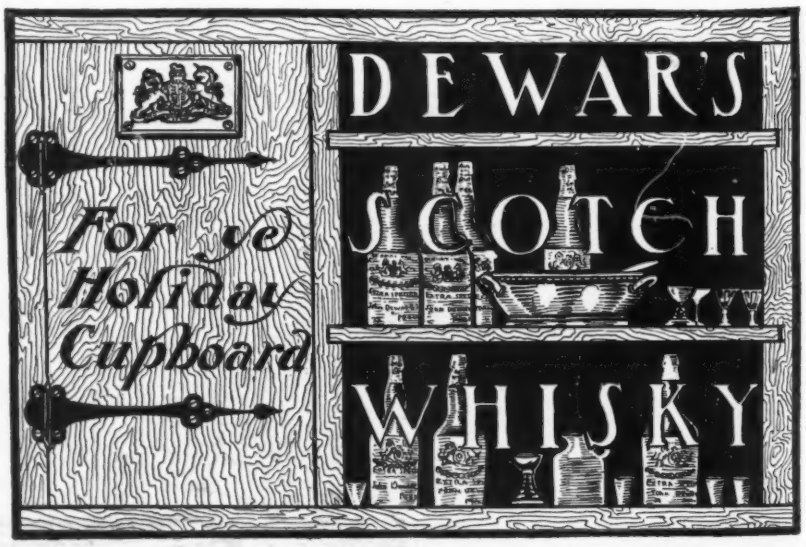
HOST—"Because the first night I had him he chewed the frogs off my dressing-gown."



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